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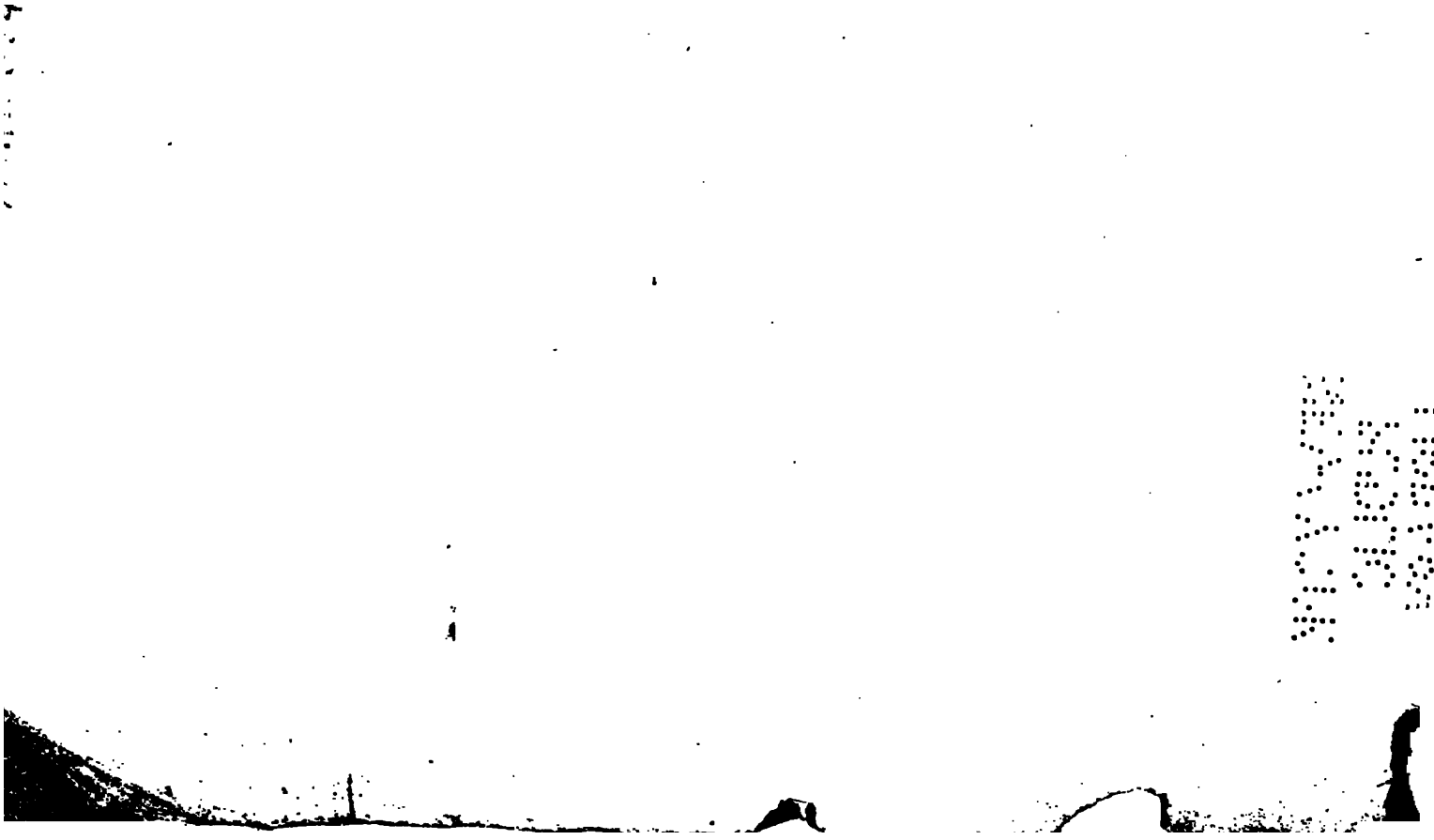
Duffe

THE

CAPTIVE MUSE.

Price....Six Shillings.



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THE

CAPTIVE MUSE:

A COLLECTION OF

FUGITIVE POEMS,

WRITTEN BY THE

AUTHOR, DURING HIS CAPTIVITY IN FRANCE,

INTERSPERSED

With a Variety of Anecdotes,

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE

CRUEL TREATMENT

OF THE

BRITISH PRISONERS OF WAR,

BY THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT, AND ITS AGENTS.

By THOMAS DUTTON, A. M.

Author of A Characteristic Sketch of His Majesty, George III.; The Literary Census, a Satirical Poem; Pizarro, with Notes; The Wise Man of the East, or the Apparition of Zoroaster, a Mock-Heroic Poem, in four Cantos, with Notes; The Dramatic Censor, &c. And Translator of Nicolais' celebrated Satirical Romance, entitled Sebaldus Noth-anker.

——Stat ferrea turris, ad auras.
Tisiphoneque sedens, palla succincta cruenta,
Vestibulum insomnis servat noctesque diesque.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY SHERWOOD, NEELY, AND JONES, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1814.

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1898.

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Marquis-Court, Drury-Lane, London.

TO

LAURA.

Mio dolce tesoro!
Mio solo pensier!

To Wealth, to Power let others bend the knee, and homage pay to Greatness. To Thee, Beloved! rise my constant vows; to Thee I dedicate my artless lays. Trained together in Affliction's school; profoundly have we scanned the awful lesson, and drained, to the very dregs, the cup of gall! In unison have ever beat our hearts, and consentaneous sympathised our feelings. The shaft, that rent *my* bosom, has agonized *Thine!* We have loved, we have suffered—together; we have tasted—in communion perfect and delicious—all the bitter, all the sweets, all the luxury of participated woe! Nor would I exchange the potion—dashed though it was with wormwood, and repugnant to the sense—for the Nectar of the Seats of Bliss!

But brighter prospects ; brighter hopes present!

I fiori
Dispieganai,
All' pianto dell' alba.

Thy Friend, LAURA, treads once more his native plains, and from the scenes that witnessed his infant joys, sends this tribute to his heart's Elect!

The offering is not new; for Adversity has furnished us with but too abundant leisure to muse and meditate ; and often has LAURA's heavenly-modulated voice imparted a value, a charm to these strains, which they cannot boast, as their inherent claim. Yet will the Fair-one find some change, some alteration in their dress. Many, many things—dear and precious to the Lover and the Beloved !—are not meet for public gaze. LAURA will know how to appreciate the sacrifice, —for an Author, no small one—of humour to correctness. A work, to which LAURA's name is prefixed, must not contain a single passage, capable of calling forth a blush on the cheek of virgin delicacy. In more than one instance, the Author's Verses have lost considerably, in wit and poignancy, from retrenchment—but he prefers the loss of *literary*, to that of *moral* reputation. The same delicate attention has dictated to him, to respect

—even in the person of his Persecutor and Tyrant —the Country that gave birth to LAURA. He has not indulged in illiberal sarcasm and invective, even against the COMMON ENEMY OF MANKIND!

Ma tu tremi, o mio tesoro!
Ma tu palpiti, cor mio!

LAURA! let us not despair—let us cherish the hope to meet again—meet, to part no more! Till then, indelibly engraven in my heart remains thy adored image, and my proudest boast shall be, to have gained *Thy* suffrage! Ever first and last in my thoughts, let one page, at least, of my Work be dedicated to Thy Name, and retrace, however faintly, the recollection of mutual joys. Let the choice fall on that verse, to which LAURA herself gave the preference.

I.

Reclining on my LAURA's breast,
That seat of happiness divine!
I lull my troubled thoughts to rest,
And press her panting heart to mine!
There on her bright, her matchless charms,
I feast my fond, enamour'd eyes,
And, whilst I fold her in my arms,
I taste of more than heav'nly joys!

II.

With pity, or with scorn I view
The fickle, false, deluded train,
Who mad Ambition's schemes pursue,
Or place their happiness in gain.
Let them to distant climates range,
Be pow'r, be grandeur still their aim;
I'll never solid joys exchange
For sordid Wealth, or empty Fame.

III.

And when I read of deeds of arms,
How men their fellow-men invade!
I steal a look at LAURA's charms,
And thus address the beauteous maid:
"Would all the world, like us, agree,
"And imitate the peaceful Dove;
"Mute would the warlike trumpet be,
"And life's whole business nought, but—LOVE!"

THE

CAPTIVE MUSE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Poem was written in the Winter of 1806, on the Author's return to Verdun, from Bitche, where he had suffered a rigorous Exile of two years. Various Reports, highly prejudicial to his Character, had been industriously circulated by persons, who, from a knowledge of his former literary career, dreaded to fall under the lash of his pen.

With a view of justifying himself; of repelling the malevolent insinuations thrown out against him, and at the same time desirous to make a formal avowal of his pacific sentiments, which might relieve the public mind from all apprehension of his supposed predeliction for Satire, the Author, in the following pages, enters into a detail of his principles of Action, with the Nature and Character of his present literary pursuits.

A few remarks on certain Modes and Customs, connected with the Residence of the British Prisoners of War, on parole, at Verdun, may not be altogether superfluous. Their first duty was to inscribe their names, every morning, or at stated periods, (according to the latitude accorded to them, individually) in a Book, kept open for that purpose, at a place, denominated the Seminary. This Ceremony complied with, they usually repaired to one or other of the different Club-rooms, the most frequented of which was in the *Rue Mazelle*, or *Grande Rue*, as it was commonly called. Here they amused themselves with reading the different Journals, and other Periodical Publications, and discussing the politics of the day.

The Author concludes the present note by observing, that his Poem was published December 10th, at 4 o'Clock, in the Evening: at 8 o'Clock, the following Morning, he was already on his road to Bitche.

THE

CAPTIVE MUSE.

——————————— Bacchare frontem
Cingite, ne vati noceat mala lingua.

VIRGIL. Ecl. VII. v. 27.

APOLOGETICAL PROLOGUE.

(Enter a Friend of the Author.)

DISGUIS'D, the other day I stroll'd the town,
To catch report, and hunt opinion down;
The busy hour of signing just was o'er,
And Beaux, in flocks, besieg'd the club-room door.
Fond to be *star'd at, and themselves to stare,
The *Grande Rue* Loungers to their post repair.

* *Spectatum veniunt, veniunt spectentur ut ipsæ.*—says OVID, speaking of the Roman Ladies of *Ton*, in his Day.

Retir'd from view, I took my humble seat,
And watch'd at once the chamber and the street.

Enters Sir FRIBBLE, with a vacant grin,
" What News?"—he cries, and strok'd his beardless chin;
Then, strutting to the glass, with fond grimace,
Bows, and pays homage to his own sweet face.
" News!"—echoes FLORIO—"pretty News, indeed,
" See, where yon paper hangs, approach, and read."
Sir FRIBBLE points his glass—" The *Captive Muse!*"
" God send us less of Verse, and more of News!"
" Ah! so say I—quoth DASH—" Verse makes me sick,
" I hate these Poets, as I hate OLD NICK!"
" Right, right!"—MUNDUNGUS cries—" for much I fear,
" A JUVENAL, or D*****'s self lurks here."
" You *fear?*"—growls SURLY—why 'tis past a doubt;
" I know him well; I've found the scribbler out;
" And, judging of the future by the past,
" 'Tis *Libel, Libel,* Sirs! from first to last!"

Swift flies th' envenom'd shaft the chamber round:
" *Libel!*"—at once a hundred tongues resound,
And damns, on damns, the hapless Bard confound!

Silent I sat, yet much my choler stirr'd,
To see an absent Friend condemn'd, unheard.
Long had I known the Bard, in happier times,
When mirth and glee inspir'd his artless Rhymes:
When in the critic's chair, intent to please,
He wielded Satire's Lash, with sportive ease:
Nor skulking in the dark, disguis'd his blow;
But bar'd his honest front, and fac'd his foe:

Proclaim'd his *Name, and as Aggressor known,
Made both the danger and the deed his own.

Revolving thus, I burnt, with gen'rous flame,
To clear my Friend, and right his injur'd Fame:

---

* Reluctant as is the Author of the CAPTIVE MUSE to vaunt his own praise, he cannot, in justice to himself, refrain from observing, that the character here given of his Muse, and of the line of conduct he systematically pursued, in his Public career as a Writer, is strictly consonant with Truth. During a long period of Literary Warfare, the very nature of which exposed him to much personal enmity and risk, he has ever most scrupulously adhered to the Declaration or *Manifesto*, which he published in his LITERARY CENSUS.

"Still less I'll lie in ambush, to surprise,
And skulk beneath anonymous disguise:
In studied mystery involve my name,
And, void of fear, shake off all sense of shame:
Still less, assassin-like, I'll stab my foe,
Unseen the hand that deals the murd'rous blow.
No!—What I boldly write, I'll boldly own,
And if I injure, be th' Offender known."

"Although (continues the Author, in a note on this passage) I have had occasion to animadvert upon this topic, in the Preface, I cannot suffer the present opportunity to slip by unimproved, without *entering my most solemn protest against all anonymous Satire, in which Individuals are publickly attacked by name, whilst the Author dastardly conceals his own.* Motives of personal safety and convenience may, indeed, suggest the *Expediency* of such a practice; but to reconcile it with the *principles of true Honour*, requires greater skill in Casuistry, than I happen to be possessed of. To me the difference between *individual* and *general* Satire appears incalculably great: no man, in my humble apprehension, has a right to sport with the feelings of another, who refuses to give his Adversary an opportunity of exercising the *lex talionis*. Literary Warfare ought, in this respect, to be conducted upon the same principle as Duels: the contest should be fought on equal terms, and with equal weapons. To attack, where no resistance can possibly be made; to stab a Foe, behind his back, and off his guard, argues at once a cowardly and sanguinary mind. The man who fears to meet his match, ought not to provoke hostilities."

[See DUTTON'S LITERARY CENSUS, Page 62.]

When, from amidst the groupe, with looks sedate,
Up rose a Man, and aw'd the fierce debate.
Noble his air, his words impressive fall,
And claim the homage and respect of all.
In him each views the CÆSAR of the age,
The Sword! the Lyre! the Hero! and the Sage!
What various gifts our wonder to engage!
The solemn silence not a whisper broke,
But sat, and listen'd all, whilst *T—ND—E spoke.

" Is it for Britons darkly to attack,
And stab a man unarm'd, behind his back?
For Freedom's charter'd Sons, their Rights to wave?
Rights, which their Fathers fought and bled, to save!
A British Jury trample British laws?
And pass their verdict, ere they try the cause?
Shall we, unheard, proscribe the *Captive Muse?*
And damn a Work it boots us to peruse?
The Constitution, shall it suffer death?
And Justice die with †Fox's parting breath?
Name, ever sacred! at thy hallow'd shrine
Let each bow down, and mould his will to Thine!
Thy magic pow'r, thy influence now impart,
And be the watchword of each British heart!"

The mighty Name, with magical control,
Asserts its triumph, and pervades each soul!
To patriot feeling rous'd, they now contend,
Who most shall foster, succour and defend.

---

* The extreme modesty and delicacy, which distinguish the Character of the Gentleman in question, prevent the Author from naming him.

† The much-lamented Death of the Right Honourable CHARLES JAMES FOX happened much about this time.

The *Captive Muse*, so wills their alter'd mind,
Shall plead her cause, and patient hearing find.
Strange power of eloquence! to charm, persuade,
Which late in Fox its god-like force display'd!
Which fir'd the Romans, fir'd the polish'd Greeks,
And still works wonders, when a T—ND—E speaks!

With due submission, hoping your applause,
To-night we try the merits of the cause.
Haste, * *Call-Boy*, bid the *Captive Muse* appear,
The Court is sitting, and prepar'd to hear.

(Enter the Author.)

The *Captive Muse*, return'd from bondage, sends
"Health and kind greeting" to her Verdun Friends:
To their Tribunal makes her last appeal;
Nor doubts, that Britons still have hearts to feel.
Long doom'd to exile, by perverse decrees,
I've drain'd the cup of sorrow to the lees!
Nor was there granted, to my earnest call,
One drop of honey, in my draught of gall!
Yet still, up-buoy'd amidst my woes, I live,
And learnt, what now I practice,—to forgive!
Then, whilst your breasts with kindred feeling glow,
Extend to me the mercy, which I show.
No thirst of vengeance bids me threat'ning stand,
And arms with Satire's lash my lifted hand.
From me my treach'rous Foe has nought to dread,
His Heart I pity, and despise his Head!
All fair, without! all rottenness, within!
A painted sepulchre! a charnel-house of sin!

* A person, employed in the Theatres, to carry messages to the Performers, summon them to rehearsals, &c.

Nor would I, to obtain the golden fleece,
Wound private worth, or stab domestic Peace.
Nor prostitutes the *Captive Muse* her lays
To wanton Libel, or to venal praise.
Eager to please, and to instruct intent,
Pure is the off'ring, which her hands present;
Of various fruits compos'd, and various flowers,
From Ida's groves, and Hybla's honied bowers.

Fair Ladies! dashing Beaux! and amorous Swains!
Who breathe your Raptures, or rehearse your Pains!
Grave Doctors! men of head, and men of parts!
Divines, still graver, could we read your hearts!
And you, ye mighty Heroes of the chace,
Nimrods and Jehus, of congenial race!
Who give your time to Horses and to Dogs;
Nor heed, or Winter's snows, or Autumn's fogs.
Come share our Feast, and to our bidding haste,
A rich repast! where each may suit his taste.

But chief, ye gallant Tars, who guard our coast,
Your Country's bulwark! and your Country's boast!
Who watch to save us, whilst we lie asleep,
And plough your passage through the foaming deep!
To whom BRITANNIA trusts her dearest Care,
The Sex's Hope! the Champion of the Fair!
For you the Muse the laurel wreath shall twine,
And bid your Fame through countless ages shine.

Nor pass we o'er our valiant Sons, who roam
Abroad for conquest, or defend at home,
Who draw the sword, in Britain's righteous cause,
And vindicate our Freedom, and our Laws.

Heroes! whom HUTCHINSON to Glory led,
Where STUART fought, and ABERCROMBIE bled!
Immortal shall your praise, and honours live,
If Verse have power; if Fame the Muse can give!

Now deal we forth our Store; come ev'ry guest,
And each receive what suits his fancy best.
And see! in droves they flock—so fast ye call,
'Tis past our power at once to serve you all.
Approach, fair Ladies! for with preference due,
The *Captive Muse* begins her theme with you:
To you her first, her choicest fruits she brings,
And Beauty's charms inspire the lays she sings!

I.

Lovely Nymphs! for your protection,
Hear a humble suppliant sue:
Objects of each fond affection,
Feel, what thousands feel for you!
Fain, whilst I rehearse my story,
On your eyes I'd fix my gaze;
But they dazzle so with glory,
I cannot support the blaze!

II.

Peerless Beauties! yet indulgent;
Pride of Albion's blissful Isle!
Veil awhile those Suns refulgent,
Temper'd with a gracious smile!
Let me in your looks read pity;
Deign, oh! deign your Bard to cheer;
Be compassionate, as pretty!
Then I've nothing more to fear.

III.

Nature smiles, if you're propitious;
Nature sickens, if you lower.
God to you, with views auspicious,
Delegates his guardian power!
Bid, oh! bid Creation flourish!
Spread around you life and joy!
How much better 'tis to nourish!
To uphold, than to destroy!

IV.

From your * lucid constellation,
One star absent we complain;
But, with sweet irradiation,
Soon that Star returns again!
Meanwhile, as in bounden duty,
Humbly prostrate at your throne,
Let me, at the Court of Beauty,
Homage pay to you alone!

So sings your Bard, and fir'd with fond alarms,
In Pæans loud, extolls your matchless charms!
Now let your Martyrs claim the pitying strain,
And hear the Victims of your eyes complain!
Advance, ye amorous Swains! ye love-sick race,
Who hymn, and incense every pretty face!
Who, in soft Lyrics, languish and despair,
And breathe your sighs, red-hot, to touch the Fair!

---

* Lucidum cœli decus! o colendæ,
Semper, et cultæ!
HOR. *Carmen Seculare.*

doleful numbers hear the Muse relate
f CRAVEN's cruel scorn, and FLORIO's fate:
ear, how the hapless Beau bewails his doom,
nd, like the swan, goes singing to the tomb!

AIR: *Peaceful slumbering on the ocean.*

I.

Ancle-deep through gutters wading,
Beauteous CRAVEN! hear your swain,
At your window serenading,
Choak'd with mud, and drench'd with rain!
Dropping wet, &c.
Hear your batter'd Beau complain!

II.

Is it nothing, cruel CRAVEN!
Nothing thus to stand, and weep?
Croaking nightly, like a raven,
Whilst you snoring lie asleep!
Snore away, &c.
Whilst I here my Vigil keep.

III.

CRAVEN laughs, whilst FLORIO's dying!
CRAVEN mocks the love-sick elf.
Worn away, with grief and sighing,
Scarcely do I know myself!
FLORIO, &c.
FLORIO's laid upon the shelf.

IV

Yes, the change is truly horrid,
And it cuts me to the quick;
FLORIO, once the gay, the florid,
Now is but a wither'd stick!
Broken down, &c.
Broken down am I, and sick.

V.

How much longer must your Martyr
Languish, suffer, and decay?
Cruel CRAVEN! lend your garter;
Better hang, than pine away!
Let me swing, &c.
I'll not live another day.

VI.

When I'm lifeless, and departed,
Will my Fair lament my doom?
And no longer then hard-hearted,
Drop a tear upon my tomb?
Fairer then, &c.
Fairer will my CRAVEN bloom!

VII.

Craz'd in ev'ry joint, and aching,
Tortur'd, past the power to tell;
Ah! I feel my heart is breaking;
CRAVEN! take my last farewell!
Fare thee well! &c.
Bid them ring my passing knell!

Now FLORIO's dead, nor from the yawning grave
Can powder, draught, or pill the victim save:
Then let the Muse essay her humble skill,
And treat the Doctors with a gilded pill.
Come, take your place, and seated at our table,
Attend, whilst we regale you with a fable!

DEATH AND THE DOCTOR.

In days of yore, so says my Tale,
An honest Farmer made a power of money;
He crack'd his joke, he quaff'd his ale,
Was never known at Club to fail,
Would now and then his friends regale,
And, if not witty, pass'd at least for funny.
A wife he took, to get a heir,
And, in due time his faithful wife
Produc'd a chopping Boy to life.
The gossips all with wonder stare,
And all with one consent declare:
JACK, surely is his Father's child!
Were ever eggs so like each other?
And when at times the urchin smil'd,
"Remark his Father's dimple!" quoth the mother.
In short, so great the likeness, all perceiv'd it,
And what is more, Papa himself believ'd it.

Now this resemblance, source of constant joy,
Increas'd the Father's fondness for the boy,
And fir'd with all the ardour of devotion.
Full many a scheme he form'd in vision fair,
Full many a castle built he, in the air,
For JACKY's future grandeur and promotion!

" What! doom a lad so bright! so pretty!
" So like myself, as all allow,
" To fatten hogs, and tend the plough?
" This, sure, would be a monstrous pity!
" The Doctor, who attends my HARRIET,
('Twas so the Farmer nam'd his Wife)
" Sports a huge wig, and drives his chariot,
" And leads a most delicious life!
" Keeps company, and flirts about
" With folk of fashion and condition!
" Why! JACK might do the same, no doubt:
" Yes, truly, JACK shall be Physician."

To school they send the hopeful youth;
From school he passes to the College;
But not to ev'ry one, forsooth,
Is giv'n the conjuring cap of knowledge.
Some say; the cause of this was plain,
JACK, though the offspring of his father,
Did not possess his father's brain,
His father's plodding patience, rather.
JACK lov'd, as who does not? his lass,
A social pipe, a social glass:
And Greek and Latin oft gave way
To studies, more in vogue and gay.

Meanwhile his Mother dies—full soon
Our honest Farmer weds again,
Eager, though somewhat in the wane,
To pass another *Honey-Moon!*
What strange enchantment lies in riches!
A blooming Maid permits to woo,
Sixteen joins hands with sixty-two!
And petticoats usurp the breeches!

This works a wond'rous alteration,
JACK, to his sorrow, feels the change;
First Dad perceives his conduct strange;
Then hints of strong disapprobation;
Then loud reproach and threats succeed;
In vain would JACK attempt to plead:
Not all his vows of reformation,
Distress itself, nor direst need;
Not dread of absolute starvation
Can longer make his Father *bleed!*

At length, to crown the measure of his woes,
Another son and heir puts out JACK's nose!
The next week's post brings news more sad, more killing,
His Father dies, and leaves poor JACK—*a shilling!*

JACK felt the blow, with conscious breast;
But, where the ill is past relief,
To give a loose to tears and grief,
Is but a foolish trick, at best.
'Tis better far, in ev'ry case,
To make a merit of your pain;
Necessity itself to chain,
And, when by adverse fate opprest,
Why bristle up, and rear your crest,
And look Misfortune in the face!
A lucky thought will often gain,
What years of study sought in vain.

So reason'd JACK, and might and main,
He strives his evils to redress:
And lo! when least he hop'd success,
A lucky notion cross'd his brain.

Away at once with doubts and fears!
He summons Death, and Death appears,
In all his pomp of terrors drest!
But JACK, who knew the scare-crow well,
Unmov'd beheld his grisly guest,
And thus began his wants to tell.

"You know, great Sir! the life I've led,
"(For frequent are your calls at College)
"How little I have stor'd this head
"With ancient, or with modern knowledge.
"You fight with dart, and I with jargon!
"Too long this war has had its day;
"Then rather let us strike a bargain,
"And portion out our common prey.
"The needful aid do thou impart,
"Teach me the Æsculapian art.
"And, to reward thy toil and care,
"Half of my patients be thy share."

Death nods assent, "as well he may,"
Methinks, I hear my reader say.
Yes, JACK was gen'rous, I confess,
He promis'd *half*, nor more, nor less.
But some I know, of liberal soul,
Who still more gen'rous, give the *whole!*

Come now, ye dashing Blades! ye sporting train,
Whose panting Coursers scow'r the smoking plain!
Who bid the dust in whirling clouds ascend!
And with your sounding whips the welkin rend!
Well may your deeds, and glorious exploits claim
Olympic honours, and the palm of fame!
A *Pythian* Ode the Muse awards your due,
And PINDAR strings his golden Lyre for you.

I.

I sing the Horse! I sing the Man!
That nimbly gallopp'd, nimbly ran,
And won the race equestrian.
Some say, 'twas * *foul*; some say, 'twas *fair*;
I cannot tell, I was not there,
I'm but a poor pedestrian.

II.

But should this mighty Man refuse
The tribute of a *walking* Muse,
And at my Lyrics grumble;
I'll ev'n strike out another plan,
And try to please him, if I can,
Although I risk a tumble!

* This passage alludes to a certain contested horse-race, at Verdun, in which an officer of the army bore a very conspicuous part.

III.

Let him encourage what I write,
And buy, as fast as I indite,
And pay as fast, or faster:
Fresh wonders then the world shall see,
I'll mount my Nag, as well as he,
Take out my licence, and degree,
And beat—who knows?—my Master!

Now for a bolder sweep—awake, my Lyre!
Wake into voice, and bid the song resound;
Call forth thy numbers, glow with heav'nly fire,
And send the lay th' astonish'd globe around!
Britannia's Heroes claim the grateful strain,
The dauntless squadrons, and the valiant bands,
That bear her Thunder o'er th' affrighted main!
Or lead her conquering arms to distant lands!
Alike in merit, and alike in fame,
The same their duty, and their praise the same!

Theme of my song! and burden of my lay!
With joy the Bard your high career pursues:
From your bright glory let me catch a ray,
And crown the labours of the *Captive Muse*.
What Beauty first inspir'd, and female grace,
With valour closes, and with worth renown'd;
Thus Love and Honour meet in fond embrace,
Like points, one common centre verging round.
The Cyprian Myrtle with your Laurel twines,
And each, from union, more refulgent shines!

In this *Finale* let us then rejoice,
And join each British heart, each British voice.

(AIR: *Rule, Britannia.*)

I.

Alone unmov'd; alone at rest,
Whilst falling nations strew the ground,
BRITANNIA rears her dauntless crest,
And views the frightful wreck around!
Safe, Britannia! Britannia! safe thy reign,
And worlds in arms oppose in vain!
Chorus. Safe, Britannia! &c.

II.

At home, who dares thy peace annoy?
Thy gallant sons with joy enroll:
On wings of wind thy sailors fly!
And waft thy thunder to the pole!
Safe, Britannia! Britannia! safe thy reign,
And worlds in arms oppose in vain!
Chorus. Safe, Britannia! &c.

III.

In union sweet thy heroes stand,
One impulse fires to gen'rous deed!
And burns each heart, and vies each hand,
Who first shall in thy service bleed!
Safe, Britannia! Britannia! safe thy reign,
And worlds in arms oppose in vain!
Chorus. Safe, Britannia! &c.

IV.

Alike thy honours and renown,
By land, or sea, alike thy fame;
And kindred rays of glory crown
A NELSON'S, or a MOIRA'S name!
Safe, Britannia! Britannia! safe thy reign,
And worlds in arms oppose in vain!
Chorus. Safe, Britannia! &c.

V.

Long, as the billows lash thy rocks;
Long, as thy rocks their fury brave;
So long defy all hostile shocks,
Co-eval with old Ocean's wave?
Safe, Britannia! Britannia! safe thy reign,
And worlds in arms oppose in vain!
Chorus. Safe, Britannia! &c.

ODE

TO

LIBERTY.

(Written in the Fort of Bitche, in the Summer of 1808.*)*

Cari sunt parentes, cari liberi, propinqui, familiares: sed omnes omnium caritates patria una complexa est; pro quâ quis bonus dubitet mortem oppetere, si ei sit profuturus?—CICERO, *I. Offic. N.* 27.

Fair Goddess of my native shore!
Whom Albion's hardy sons revere;
To whom they incense burn, and altars rear,
And at thy hallow'd shrine adore!
Whom Ocean, in his watery cave,
First rear'd, and gave to rule the wave!
Gave, 'midst the loud and angry storm,
To raise sublime thy god-like form!
At distance, heav'n born FREEDOM! hail!
Ah! when shall I thy face behold?
When load with sighs no more the gale?
No more thy long-lost charms bewail?
But, 'mongst thy radiant train enroll'd,
And cherish'd by thy gracious smile,
Again salute my native Isle?
Or join the ardent Sons of Fame?
Whose breasts, with gen'rous impulse fir'd,
And by immortal hopes inspir'd,
Thy glorious attributes proclaim?

Where Britain's standard, wide unfurl'd,
Controls at will the subject world!
Where glitt'ring in the solar ray,
A thousand gallant streamers play!
And, wafted by the ambient tide,
In all the pomp of martial pride,
Triumphant Britain's conquering navies ride!

Curs'd be th' insatiate lust of pow'r,
Which arms with steel the warrior's hand,
Bids the wide-wasting flame devour,
And desolate a hapless land;
With human victims strews the plain!
And opes new avenues of pain!
Th' ensanguin'd field with mangled corpses spread,
And lie, commix'd, the dying and the dead!

Or, if they 'scape the fatal blow,
A harder lot awaits them still;
To quaff the bitter cup of woe,
And drain the very dregs of ill!
Far distant from their native shore,
In foreign bondage to deplore
Thy loss, fair FREEDOM! to lament in vain,
And drag, with weary heart, a hopeless chain!

Ah! who shall paint the rude alarms,
Which long have agoniz'd my breast?
My ANNA's faith! my ANNA's charms!
Can themes, like these, disturb my rest?
Ah! yes, they sharper point the dart,
Which rankles in my fest'ring heart:
These poison all the sweets of life,
The ties of parent, friend, and wife!

Whilst startled Fancy conjures near
Terrific images of fear!
Perhaps, ev'n now my ANNA's form
Droops, like the lilly in the storm!
Perhaps, ev'n now the hand of death,
With icy touch, arrests her breath!
Perhaps—but oh! the madd'ning thought
Is hell, with all its horrors fraught!
In secret grief I pin'd away
The sleepless night, the ling'ring day.

At length, impatient of control,
Despair but nerv'd my struggling soul;
I broke my chain, and from my bondage stole!

Amidst the silent gloom of night,
With wary step I now proceed;
Three trusty friends attend my flight,
And share the peril of the deed.
Confed'rates in my bold design,
Long had they mix'd their sighs with mine;
Long wept, with me, the iron hand,
Which kept them from their native land;
Far from thy altars, LIBERTY! to grieve,
And mourn their captive state, without reprieve!

Contending passions now assail,
As hope and fear, by turns, prevail.
The foe pursues; in ambush lies;
And dangers still on dangers rise.
No shelt'ring haven, to protect;
No skilful pilot, to direct;

No friendly beacon bids "*beware*;"
No buoy denotes the latent Snare.
Rocks, shoals, and sands the dark perspective bound,
And Ruin yawns terrific all around.

But less from open foes, than from pretended friends,
The big portentous storm impends.
Those strike the blow, whose duty 'twas to aid;
By Britons—Britons are betray'd,
By Britons basely sold, by Britons captives made!

By Britons, who disgrace the name,
Alike to honour lost, and shame:
Who, heav'nly GODDESS! false to thee,
To foreign idols bend the knee:
Their feelings dastardly disguise,
And freedom less than comfort prize;
Crouch to the yoke in fell despair,
And basely hug the chains they wear.
Apostates these, our loss intrigue;
Join'd with the foe, in impious league.

These with our tyrants in pursuit engage;
These spur them on, a fiercer war to wage,
And club their gold, to stimulate their rage!

Forth rush the satellites of lawless pow'r,
By Int'rest lur'd, and train'd, in evil hour,
Like blood-hounds to the scent, impatient to devour!

Our baffled hopes but aggravate our pains;
A heavier thraldom now the foe ordains,
A darker prison, and more galling chains!

Thus from his cage the feather'd songster flies,
And seeks his native groves, his wonted skies.
But ah! the fowler marks his flight,
And whilst the warbler claps his joyous wings,
And, pois'd in middle air, delighted sings,
Death overtakes him in his towering height,
Lifeless he falls, and joins the dreary shades of night.

Fair Goddess of my native Isle!
Once more propitious deign to smile;
Ah! listen to a suppliant's pray'r,
Too long in servile fetters bound;
Too long detain'd on hostile ground,
And doom'd opprobrious chains to wear.
Yet, still his breast indignant burns;
Yet, still the servile yoke he spurns,
And pants to breathe his free-born air!
Ah! who shall break his iron chain?
Asunder tear his odious bands?
With vengeance arm his lifted hands?
Waft him, unfetter'd, o'er the main,
Of wrongs no longer to complain,
But bathe his sword in blood, and multiply the slain!*

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* A copy of this Ode was sent, through a private and clandestine channel, to a printer at Strasburg. But the Commandant at Bitche, having received information of this circumstance, set his agents to work to intercept the messenger. In this attempt he but too well succeeded; the unfortunate ode was seized, and forwarded to the Minister of war, at Paris.

During the interval, which ensued between the seizure of the manuscript, and the decision of his Excellency, the Minister of War, the Commandant, who bore a rooted hatred to the author, on account of the complaints he had, on various occasions, made of his oppressive administration, frequently

ordered the latter into his presence. After upbraiding him most bitterly, for what he affected to call personal and unfair attacks upon himself, he generally terminated the interview with anticipating the triumph he should shortly gain over the author, who, he made no doubt, would be sent, as a state-prisoner, either to the *Bicetre*, or the Castle of *Vincennes*, and there remain incarcerated for life. Fortunately for the author, the Commandant proved himself to be no prophet. His Excellency, after a careful examination of the work, was pleased to decide, that it contained no libel, no attack whatever on the French government; that some passages, it is true, were reprehensible, especially; where, speaking of the *gensdarmes*, the author compares them to *blood-hounds*; as likewise the concluding stanza, which manifests a thirst of vengeance, and a wish to "*bathe his Sword in blood*;" but that great allowances ought to be made for the irritation of mind, naturally produced by a long, a rigorous, and hopeless captivity. His Excellency was therefore of opinion, that the most expedient measure would be to let the matter rest, giving at the same time strict injunctions to the author, not to repeat or circulate his poem.

The mortification experienced by the Commandant, on receiving this decision, baffles all description, and ultimately paved the way to the author's removal from Bitche to the Depot of Sarre-Louis.

TO

MY FRIEND, AND FELLOW-PRISONER,

Mr. ADAM JOHNSTON,

ON THE COMPLETION OF HIS TWENTIETH YEAR.

Written in the Fort of Bitche, in the Year 1804.

Per damna, per cædes, ab ipso
Ducit opes animumque ferro.
HOR. *Lib. IV. Od.* 4.

By wayward fate in hopeless exile bound,
And captives doom'd, on Gallia's hostile ground:
Cut off from all that human life endears,
The growing sympathies of happier years!
From friends, from kindred, from each sacred band,
And—sacred most of all—our native land!
Such our hard lot!—yet, let it ne'er be said,
That Britons vanquish'd from the contest fled:
That, overpower'd, we yielded to despair;
Less skill'd to *suffer* nobly, than to *dare!*
No! unsubdued remains the manly mind,
Nor owns the fetters which the body bind;
No! bares its front, to meet the angry storm,
And smiles at Danger's most gigantic form.
In vain, the forked light'nings blaze around,
Darts the red bolt, and rocks the startled ground!

In vain, all nature seems convuls'd with fear;
The BRITISH LION stalks his proud career;
Stalks, and unheeded crows the Gallic * Chanticleer!

Thus the tough oak, which sinewy arms contend,
In feats of strength, and rustic sports to bend,
Snaps the rude cord, and with impetuous flight,
Recoils triumphant to its towering height.

Friend of my heart! whom force and fraud detain,
And doom with me to drag the Tyrant's chain:
Who, from thy native home, thy country far,
Art left, with me, to curse thy envious star;
(That faithless star, which better promise gave,
Which lur'd with wealth, but sold thee for a slave!)
With me to mourn the numerous ills that wait
On abject captives, "in their worst estate."
To share the pangs, the direst pangs, that haunt
The wretch expos'd to penury and want!
With hopeless misery to make thy bed,
And eat, in daily care, thy daily bread!
To suffer wrongs no pen, no tongue can name;
And—keener far than all—disgrace and shame!
To bear the insolence of MAMMON's train;
Of fools, whose purse supplies their want of brain!
To see thy noblest energies confin'd,
Stript of the proud prerogative of mind!
With vile associates mix'd, to waste thy hours,
And brutalize with brutes thy mental powers!
Abrupt to sink in degradation's scale;
Thy talents lost, thy gifts of no avail:

* At this period, Buonaparte had not yet taken down the French national symbol of the *Cock*, to make place for the Imperial *Eagle*.

Debas'd, and from thy wonted sphere transferr'd,
To claim thy level with the *" swinish herd!"

Friend of my heart! such, such the star malign,
Which frowns on both, and links *my* fate to *thine!*
Which, from its orb, disast'rous influence sheds,
And heaps its vengeance on our destin'd heads!
How then, with woes like these encompass'd round;
Thus sunk to earth, thus prostrate on the ground;

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* Nothing can possibly be further from the intention of the Author, than *general* sarcasm on any particular class, or body of men. Those therefore who, on perusing this passage, may feel disposed to interpret it to the disadvantage of the sea-faring profession, most egregiously deceive themselves, in the first instance; and are guilty of no small injustice to the Author, in the second.

The Depot of Bitche, from its very first institution, as a *Depot of punishment*, has ever presented a most *motley, and incongruous assemblage of character.* It was not *Deserters* merely, whose fault, (however heinous in the eyes of the French Government, by whom Desertion has uniformly been considered, and punished, as the most unpardonable of crimes) involves no moral turpitude, no dereliction of sentiment, or duty, that were doomed to languish in its dreary walls. But, to aggravate the horrors of their detention, they were confounded and blended together with the very vilest of the human species. It is a well known fact, which no candid reader will presume to contravene, that in times of warfare and hostility, numbers of offenders, who lay themselves open to the penal law, on being brought before the Lord Mayor of London, or any other competent Authority, instead of being committed for trial, are suffered to escape the punishment due to their crime, on condition of serving in His Majesty's Navy. The same argument applies, with equal cogency, to the Army. That persons, thus disgracefully introduced into the service, should still further commit themselves, in a state of captivity, where they are not amenable to martial discipline, and by their misdeeds reflect disgrace upon the service, to which they, through compulsion, belonged, can certainly excite little wonder or astonishment. The consequence was, they reverted to their old pernicious habits, rendered themselves guilty of the most shameful depredations, and on detection were ordered to Bitche, where they contributed all in their power to seduce, corrupt, and degrade, to their own vile level, the yet uncontaminated part of their Associates in Affliction.

How shall the *Captive Muse* new-prune her wing?
Or how, oppress'd with care, attempt to sing?
How, through this world of night explore her way?
And hail, with notes of joy, thy natal day?

Nor this the *first*, that from an angry sky
Dawns unpropitious on thy youthful eye.
The *former* saw thee, out-cast and alone,
Urge thy bold flight through lands and realms unknown.
A hapless fugitive, intent in vain
To 'scape oppression and to break thy chain.
Full oft the *midnight heav'n* has watch'd thy flight,
And Cynthia favour'd, with her silver light!
Full oft have deep'ning shades around thee press'd,
And sinking nature forc'd thy steps to rest.
The blasted heath, the trackless wood thy bed;
And cradling winds have rock'd thy un-hous'd head!
But rock'd in vain!—not all thy anxious care;
Not all thy toils could move thy fate to spare.
The vengeful Nemesis still holds thee fast;
Pursues, confounds, arrests thee, at the last.
Ev'n at the very moment, when the prize
Rose full to view, and brighten'd in thine eyes!
When, to thy sanguine pray'r, 'twas giv'n to lave
Thy favour'd feet in RHINE's majestic wave!
When from the adverse bank, with winning charms,
Fair Freedom smil'd, and woo'd thee to her arms!
Even at that very moment, steps between
Thy wayward fate, and changes all the scene.
Dash'd falls the goblet from thy eager lip,
Which Fancy grasp'd, and Hope presum'd to sip!
Where now thy golden dreams?—the pleasing smile
Of "*welcome home!*" in Albion's blissful Isle?

A darker prison opes its living tomb,
And BITCHE, with triple bondage, seals thy doom!

Yet still, amidst the big, portentous cloud,
Which spreads around its formidable shroud,
Some ray of hope, some harbinger of light,
A welcome guest! beams mantling on my sight.
To THEE it beams, nor, with an envious eye,
Explores thy friend the promise of the sky.
Of joys it tells; of ev'ry wish supplied;
Of scenes of bliss, to me, alas! denied.
Thy youthful years this different lot create,
And Inexperience works the will of Fate!

Scarce does the down, transform'd to hair, begin
To speak thee man, and ripen on thy chin.
Scarce enter'd yet on Nature's busy stage,
Life's active lessons now thy thoughts engage;
And still to sow, and still thy mind prepare
For future harvest, claims thy utmost care:
To stock the garden which, with choicest fruit,
Shall cheer thine age, and renovate thy root.

Then take example, and submit to rule,
and scan the precepts of Affliction's school.
Respect thyself, respect all human kind;
And centre all thy treasure in thy mind.
How very poor! how wretched! those, who place
Their hopes, their joys on Fortune's sandy base!
Slaves to their passions, whilst they draw their breath,
Life they abuse, and stand in awe of death!
Nor know, nor taste the rich delights, which flow
From conscious Truth, and Virtue here below;

Delights, which riches never can procure;
Which sole make happy, and which sole endure.

But more thy fix'd attention to engage,
Two *living* portraits rise upon the stage.
See SYPHAX, hateful as the tainted breeze,
Which scatters pestilence, and ghaunt disease.
Aghast, and self-condemn'd, the miscreant stands,
And lifts to evil his polluted hands.
Mark well his scowling eye! his stifled grin!
Like CAIN, *he bears the damning brand of sin!*
Like CAIN, his haggard, down-cast looks reveal
The guilt, he vainly labours to conceal.
No virtuous principles his deeds control;
No human feeling thrills his callous soul;
No conscious blush his harden'd cheek inflames;
Nor hope of heav'n, nor fear of hell reclaims!
No gen'rous impulse sways his stubborn will;
He stands—*one vile, unleaven'd mass of ill!*

Yet will he oft, with impious lips, prophane
The sacred name, and breathe the canting strain:
As int'rest prompts, with each opinion chime,
And steep, with air devout, his soul in crime!
A finish'd hypocrite, to act his part,
GOD, IN HIS MOUTH—THE DEVIL, IN HIS HEART!

Thus LUCIFER, to work his secret spite,
Throws off his sooty livery of night,
And shines, with borrow'd form, a son of * light!

But drop the hideous picture; break the spell,
And hence with SYPHAX to his native hell!

* II. CORINTHIANS, chap. XI. v. 14.

A different model to thine eyes I hold;
A model, cast in Honour's brightest mould;
Of worth approv'd—a soul of sterling gold!
But first, with gales of health the mist I chace,
And * TOPHET's sultry blast, with airs of grace!
Soft, as the grateful dews from heav'n descend,
Lo! CHRISTIE comes—thy countryman and friend.
The placid smile bespeaks a mind at rest,
And reigns eternal sun-shine in his breast!
There Peace her altar rears—and there around,
With spotless Truth, is ev'ry Virtue found.
Sweet Charity! which feels, when others grieve;
Nor *feels* alone, but hastens to *relieve*.
Out-stretch'd her hands, to cheer the pilgrim's way;
And free, and open, as the light of day!
And friendship's gen'rous spark, refin'd to part
From selfish dross, and sublimate the heart!
And manly feeling, and a spirit firm
To cope with might, though *not to hurt a worm!*
Which, nerv'd by danger, and estrang'd from dread,
Still to oppression points its butting head:
Which, prompt at Honour's, or his Country's call,
Or nobly triumph bids, or nobly fall!
Applauding heav'n beholds his active race,
And sees itself reflected in his face;
Whilst all, to whom 'tis giv'n his worth to scan,
With blessings hail the FRIEND OF GOD AND MAN!

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* ——The valley of Hinnom, Tophet thence,
And black Gehenna call'd—the type of Hell!
PARADISE LOST, Book I. v. 404.
See likewise JEREMIAH, Chap. VII. v. 31, 32, and Chap. XIX v. 6.

Such CHRISTIE is—but vainly would my lays
Aspire to sketch, what far transcends their praise,
Nor praise my aim—my purpose more sincere
Would moral truth instil in JOHNSTON's ear.
In contrast strong, two pictures strike his view;
The one, to *shun*—the other, to *pursue*.
Whilst from around the one contagion flings,
Like new-born light, the other upward springs,
And towers sublime, with "healing in his wings!"

Then let my friend the moral precept weigh,
With which the Muse salutes his natal day.
So shall Adversity, if rightly read,
Bear, like the * toad, a jewel in its head!
So shall my friend his passions learn to rule,
And BITCHE to JOHNSTON prove a wholesome school!

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* "———Sweet are the uses of Adversity:
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Bears yet a precious jewel in its head."
SHAKSPEARE.

Elegiac Lines,

ON THE DEATH OF

Joseph Marshall & William Cox,

TWO BRITISH SEAMEN,

INHUMANLY BUTCHERED, AT BITCHE,

On the Night of the first of May, 1804.

NECESSARY

HISTORICAL EXPLANATION.

THE Author of the *Captive Muse* arrived at the Fort of Bitche, on the fifth of February, 1804. The Depot, at that period, consisted of eight and twenty persons, who were confined in a Souterrain, six and thirty feet beneath the surface of the court, or yard, in which the prisoners were permitted to walk and take exercise, during the day-time.

The Fort of Bitche is built upon a very high hill, surrounded on all sides by eminences and woods. It presents an appearance truly formidable and gloomy. It is a place of great strength, and was constructed by the celebrated VAUBAN. The expences of building it were so enormous, that LOUIS XIV, on inspecting the estimate, is said to have demanded, whether it had been paved and skirted with six-livre pieces? The Souterrains, of which there are a prodigious number, rising three tiers, one above the other, are all hewn out of the solid rock, and are completely bomb-proof.

The fortress may be divided into three distinct parts; the *Grosse-tete*, (where is situated the military prison or jail, for such of the garrison as misbehave, and in which their own deserters and refractory conscrits are confined, on their

passage to their respective depot, or place of punishment;) the *main-body*; and the *petite-tete*, where resided the Commandant of the Depot. Both the *grosse*, and *petite-tete*, are connected with the main-body of the building, by means of a bridge; independant of which there are innumerable subterraneous communications.

But, though the Fort of Bitche is in itself a building of great magnitude and extent, it must not be inferred from this, that the prisoners had the whole range of the fort for their excursions. On the contrary, they were restricted to the single court or yard, into which their souterrain opened. At the commencement, they occupied only *one* of these underground mansions: but as the depot increased in number, it was found necessary to open a second, which, from its superior dimensions, obtained the name of the *grand-souterrain*. A third was added, in the sequel, still smaller than the first; and as this was converted into a place of punishment for such, whose offences were not supposed to merit the *cachot*, it was not unaptly christened *St. Giles*. But it was not merely the incorrigible; not merely petty offenders; not merely the authors of perpetual quarrels, riots, and disturbances, with marauders of every description, who had the honour of becoming inmates of *St. Giles*—it was more particularly reserved for all those, who had the misfortune, (no matter, whether deservedly, or not) to be, what at Bitche was technically termed, "*upon the black-books*;" that is to say, obnoxious to the Commandant. These three Souterrains opened into the same court, or yard.

Grand offences, such as desertion, or an attempt to desert; disobedience; revolt; insulting language to the *gendarmes*;

but above all libels, or pretended libels, on the Commandant, were punished with close imprisonment at the *grosse-tete*, where you were confined, according to the nature and magnitude of the crime, either in one of its numerous *cachots*, or else in the *salle de police*. As, in the way to the military prison, you had to pass the bridge, which, as already stated, connected the *grosse-tete* with that part of the building occupied by the prisoners, from whom you were necessarily separated during the period of your incarceration, the *grosse-tete* was metaphorically denominated the *country-house*: Imprisonment there assumed the name of a *country-trip*, and the *cachot* bore the emphatic appellation of the *stone-jug*.

Impatient of their rigorous and irksome confinement, the prisoners, who had considerably increased in number, since the author's arrival at Bitche, began in the month of April to project various plans of escape. The return of fine weather, after a winter peculiarly inclement, gloomy, and severe, naturally induced them to pass as much of the day, as the regulations of the depot permitted, above ground; that is to say, in walking the court of their prison, which, from its great height, commanded a sublime and extensive view of the surrounding country. Enchanted with the beautiful scenery of woods and hilly verdure, which presented itself in every direction to their admiring eyes, they felt with double and aggravated force the weight of their chains, which prevented them from wandering amidst the beauties of nature, the contemplation of which afforded them such exquisite delight.

At this period, the ferocious Usurper of France had not yet carried into execution those daring projects of aggran-

dizement and universal dominion, which his restless ambition led him in the sequel to realize. The confederation of the Rhine was not yet organized. Bitche, in a strait line, is not more than nine leagues, or about twenty-five English miles, from that celebrated river. That barrier once crossed, you might consider yourself in safety. The temptation was too powerful and alluring to be resisted by Englishmen, born with an unextinguishable love of liberty; panting to regain what they justly considered their *birth-right*; and whose feelings had not yet been deadened and blunted, by protracted, indefinite, and hopeless captivity.

After a variety of schemes, successively embraced and rejected, a plan was at length, by unanimous suffrage adopted, for effecting their escape through a door, situated at one of the extremities of the souterrain. This door, it was supposed, must communicate with some of the different sally-ports. A sailor, of the name of COX, a most amiable character, who had been captured at an early period of the war, in his Majesty's late frigate, *La Minerve*, Captain BRENTON, of which he was carpenter, volunteered his services on this occasion. He was ably seconded in the enterprize by a seaman, of the name of MARSHALL, who, it has been asserted, was the natural son of a certain late performer, well known at the Haymarket-Theatre. MARSHALL had served his apprenticeship to a lock-smith, and bore the repute of being very expert in his profession.

Every thing seemed to favour their attempt. A variety of doors were successively opened, and no doubt remained but that the last door, at which they stopped their operations, through which they could plainly distinguish the country,

but which they durst not, in prudence, force, was the expected means of issue. The necessary arrangements being made, every man sworn to secrecy and reciprocal fidelity, the night of the first of May was fixed upon for carrying their project into execution.

During these preparations had arrived from Paris, to form part of the depot of Bitche, on a charge of fraud and swindling, a German Jew, who went by the name of MOSES SOLOMON MICHAELIS. There was something in his look and manner, which at first sight inspired disgust, and awakened suspicion. A hawk-bill nose, small ferrety eyes, a general turn of countenance and physiognomy, which indicated a mind false, crooked, and depraved. Add to this, he had contracted a habit, which rendered him the object of general aversion and derision. This habit consisted in what professional men call *ruminating*, but which the seamen at Bitche, without any qualification, termed, *chewing the cud*. It is impossible to conceive a practice more nauseous and revolting.

From his general appearance, as well as from the imperfect accounts his fellow-prisoners could collect of his former life and habits, Mr. MOSES SOLOMON MICHAELIS was christened by the name of the WANDERING JEW. In fact, he was never addressed, nor spoken of, by any other appellation. He affected not to possess the smallest knowldege of the English language; but from several expressions he would occasionally let fall, when holding soliloquy with himself, the author, who happens to be tolerably proficient in the German language, is firmly convinced, that Mr. MICHAELIS, granting even, that he was not able to *converse*

in English, at all events *understood* that language. The object and importance of this remark will be seen in the sequel.

At length set in the long expected night, fixed upon and hailed by fond but fallacious anticipation, as the period of deliverance. The prisoners being locked down, according to custom, at that time of the year, (the first day of May) at six o'clock in the evening; the doors of the souterrain duly bolted, locked, barred, and every requisite security attended to, by the *gendarmes*, the inmates of this dreary abode were left to their own meditations.

Difficult would it be to conceive a situation more awful and replete with anxious foreboding, than now intervened between the time the souterrain was locked, and the moment for carrying their project of escape into execution, which could not with safety be attempted, till the garrison, with the other inhabitants of the fort, (the sentries and *gendarmes*, on duty, excepted) might reasonably be supposed to have retired to rest. Detached groupes were seen pacing the souterrain, some in pensive silence, others conversing in low and agitated whispers, for fear of being overheard by the soldiers, whom curiosity, (not to attribute to their conduct a more odious motive) frequently induced to listen at the aperture, through which light and air descended to the souterrain. Every look was ominous; every gesture announced something extraordinary, something fearful, something anxious; every thing bore evidence of the strong, internal struggle between hope and dread.

At length, between the hours of ten and eleven, was given the *watch-word* for flight. Every man had previously taken

the precaution to dispose of what small quantity of baggage he might be possessed of, in such a manner as to have as little incumbrance as possible. Several had on two or three shirts, as many trowsers, waistcoats, &c. in order to avoid carrying any bundles; as it was apprehended they might have occasion for the free exercise of their arms and hands, in their own defence, or in that of their comrades, to whom they reciprocally plighted their faith, with solemn engagement, to assist each other, in all cases of need and difficulty.

The egress was through a hole, eighteen inches square, cut by Cox through the door of the souterrain, already described. To pass, you were obliged to crawl on your hands and knees. Cox and MARSHALL were appointed to lead the van, as having already some knowledge of the direction of the different passages. All was still as death; silent as the grave; all anxious expectation;—almost might it be said, that respiration itself was suspended.

Scarcely had the unfortunate precursors on this melancholy occasion, Cox and MARSHALL, introduced themselves through the hole, when the clashing of swords was distinctly heard. Almost at the same instant the thunder of fire-arms resounded in long and reiterated echoes, rolling dreadfully along through the numerous souterrains, vaults, and caverns of the fort. Suddenly was all silent,—that silence as suddenly again interrupted by a piercing shriek from * Cox, which rent our very hearts: "*Good God! I'm murdered!*"

* The fate of poor COX was peculiarly regretted by all his acquaintance; the more so as he left a poor orphan son, of very tender years,

The author will not attempt to depict the scene, which now ensued, and which indeed baffles all power of description. Every man was at his allotted place, in an instant—in an instant every man undressed; stretched himself on his straw-sack; drew his blanket over him, (for the French government allowed neither mattrasses nor sheets to the seamen) and placed his clothes under his head, to supply the want of a pillow. A full half-hour elapsed, when the grating of bolts and bars, and the rattling of keys announced a visit from the *gendarmes*. The ponderous doors of the souterrain turned, with grating sound, upon their hinges, and in rushed a formidable body of armed men, consisting of a large detachment of veterans, accompanied by all the *gendarmes* employed at Bitche, with the General of the Fort, the Commandant of the Depot, and the whole of the *Etat major* at their head.

After making several times, with great parade, in order to impress terror, the tour of the souterrain (the *gendarmes* with their swords drawn, the veterans with fixed bayonets) silence was ordered, when an individual scrutiny and examination commenced. Every prisoner was obliged to turn out, in rotation, in his shirt; his straw-sack was minutely searched, to see whether it contained any materials for making ropes, any files, saws, or other implements of desertion. This ceremony lasted nearly three hours, at the expiration

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behind him, who, however, we are happy to understand, was very humanely taken care of, by some of the opulent English, at Verdun. Cox had been sent to Bitche for desertion. He swam across the Rhine, with his little boy on his back, but was arrested by the custom-house-officers.

of which these unwelcome visitors retired; fastened, with great noise, the doors after them, and left the souterrain, with its agitated inhabitants, to darkness, to silence, and to harrassing reflection.

It appears, that the plot had been betrayed to the Commandant, who, in concert with the General of the Fort, determined, that the measures to be adopted, in consequence of this discovery, should be so conducted, as to pave the way to some fatal catastrophe. Their wish was to gain credit with the French government for more than ordinary vigilance, firmness, and zeal. Hence, though nothing in the world was easier, than to put a stop to the escape of any of the prisoners, on this occasion, and to completely defeat their scheme, without wounding or personally harming a single individual, and which might have been effected, either by preventing their passage through the hole cut in the door, or else by taking them into custody the moment they did enter (for the prisoners were utterly defenceless, whereas their adversaries had upwards of one hundred and fifty veterans under arms, independant of the *gensdarmes*) they resolved that blood should be spilt, in order to give importance to the report, which it was their intention to found on this occurrence. Cox and Marshall were as much in their power, after they had got through the hole, as they were before; for the place into which they had introduced themselves, was only another souterrain, strongly secured, and filled with armed men.

Had the French, armed as they were, been sufficiently courageous, after dispatching their two unfortunate victims, to enter the prisoners' souterrain by the same door, through

which the latter sought to escape from it, they would have found them all completely dressed, and thus have plainly convicted the whole of them of complicity in the plot. But their fears led them to prefer the circuitous passage, which led from the *grosse-tete*; and this delay afforded the prisoners time to undress themselves, and repair each to his respective couch, as already related.

The morning, subsequent to this tragical event, the door of the souterrain was opened, at a very late hour. The ridiculous farce of parading up and down the place, with a file of soldiers under arms, was repeated. Two of the seamen were then ordered to follow the guard, who led them to the spot, where lay the mangled remains of their murdered countrymen, with injunctions to pick up their dispersed members, (for they were literally cut in pieces) and carry them on their shoulders into the yard. This done, another prisoner, of the name of HUGH WILSON, who had served as a marine on board the same vessel with COX, was brought into the court, and ordered to sew the dead bodies in a sack, which was thereupon thrown into a hole, dug for that purpose, at the foot of the ramparts.

From this day the privilege of walking in the yard, which had been granted to the prisoners, from eight in the morning till dusk, was withdrawn; they were locked down in the souterrain, from eleven in the morning, till four in the afternoon, in summer.

Three weeks after the murder of COX and MARSHALL, the General and Commandant received, by way of remuneration for the important services they had rendered to the state, their respective nomination; the former as Officer; the

latter, as Member of the *Legion of Honour*,—or, as it has been more justly denominated, the *Legion of Horror!* The author makes no comment on this transaction, which, in his opinion, sufficiently speaks for, and explains itself.

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* General WIRION, whose bare-faced exactions, at Verdun, at last became so notorious, as to *compel* the French government, to suspend him from his functions, and order an enquiry into his administration, (to avoid the result of which he, at the express suggestion of BUONAPARTE, anticipated his disgrace, by blowing out his brains, in the *Bois de Boulogne*,) was not only a *Member*, but an *Officer*, of very high and superior rank, a *Commandant* in this self-same Legion of Honour. BUONAPARTE, on receiving from the Minister of Police, the official report of GENERAL WIRION's *suicide*, is said to have exclaimed, "This is no "more, than what he ought to have done long ago." *Quære*—Might not this self-same remark have been applied, with still more pertinency, to BUONAPARTE himself, on a certain recent occasion?

ELEGIAC LINES,

ON THE DEATH OF

J. MARSHALL & W. COX,

TWO BRITISH SEAMEN,

INHUMANLY BUTCHERED, AT BITCHE,

On the Night of the first of May, 1804.

I.

Mark, mark the dread spot, which the Tyrant ordains
For those, who for liberty struggle and dare;
Where, thrown into dungeons, and loaded with chains,
Sad, wretched, and hopeless the victim remains;
Mark, mark the dread spot, and beware!
The Angel of Death hovers over the place,
And in front of the building, terrific to face,
In letters of blood, this inscription we trace,
"THE MANSION OF WOE AND DESPAIR!"

II.

How strong and how gloomy its turrets it rears!
How the battlements frown from the sky!
How savage around the whole landscape appears!
How the heart, struck with horror, confesses its fears!
And terror reflects from each eye!

This, this is your prison, ye sons of the * wave!
This, this is your sepulchre; this is your grave!
The tomb, where alive are interred the brave!
Where they languish, unpitied, and die!

III.

Ah! who would not death to such bondage prefer?
And the grave to this mansion of woe?
Ah! who would not brave then, whate'er might occur?
Can force e'er appal, or can danger deter
The slave, that escapes from the foe?
Such, such were the feelings, which fired each breast;
Such, such the resolves of the captives distrest,
Who groan'd, and who languish'd, ill-us'd and oppress,
In cells, and in dungeons below!

IV.

And now from the globe had departed the light;
And now did thick darkness succeed:
All silent and hush, save the birds of affright;
Save the screech-owl, who ominous hooted the night,
Portending some horrible deed.
And now the poor captives prepare for their flight;
Their faith and their honour they pledge, and they plight,
To stand by each other; each other to right,
Should occasion demand, for each other to fight,
And alike for each other to bleed.

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* At the time this Elegy was written, with the exception of a few detenus, or hostages, (as the French government affected to call them) the Depot of Bitche was composed entirely of seamen.

V.

And now enter foremost the breach they had made
Two brave gallant fellows, call'd MARSHALL and COX;
One a locksmith, the other a joiner, by trade
Both dauntless alike, and of nothing afraid,
One cut through the door, and one open'd the locks.
But, oh! scene of horror, of crime, and of guilt!
The moment they enter, their blood it is spilt!
The sword in their body runs up to the hilt!
And thunder resounds from the rocks.

VI.

Still, still in my ears ring their screams and their cries;
Their heart-piercing wailings still strike me with awe.
Chill'd with horror each man to his station now flies;
Undresses in silence, and anxious surmise,
And lies down on his bundle of straw!
There awaits what his tyrants shall please to ordain;
Mourns the fate of his comrades, thus cruelly slain;
Prepares for more rigorous bondage and pain;
More martial coercion and law.

VII.

Gallant youths! your untimely decease we deplore;
And full oft do we drop the sad tear;
When thought, all-bewilder'd, past scenes traces o'er;
When to mind we recall the rich blossoms you bore;
Your character frank and sincere.
Though no stone mark the place, where your ashes repose;
No ground consecrated your relics enclose;
No priest o'er your embers recited his prose;
Still dear is your mem'ry, and cherish'd by those,
Who your worth and your virtues revere!

VIII.

Your Murd'rers may prosper and thrive, for a time;
Apparent success may them crown;
But Justice will surely o'ertake the foul crime,
Their end shall inculcate a lesson sublime,
And add to their guilty renown.
Till then, let them sport the rank trophies of shame!
Let the *Legion of Honour* their vileness proclaim!
The sharp sting of conscience they never can tame;
Its upbraidings ne'er silence, nor drown!

IX.

Sleeps thy thunder, just God! does no vengeance await
A murder so foul, and so fell?
Shall the wretch, who betray'd them, not share the same fate?
Shall the demons of malice, of rancour, and hate
In triumphant security dwell?
May plagues and may curses torment, and pursue
This villain of villains, this *renegade* * Jew;
May the gallows hold fast, and reward with his due,
This Imp of the D—l! this firebrand from H—ll!

* MOSES SOLOMON MICHAELIS, a Leipsick Jew, sent to Bitche from Paris, as a notorious swindler. It was through the information of this *Renegado*, who went at Bitche by the name of the WANDERING JEW, that the Commandant of the Depot obtained intelligence of the project of desertion, that was carrying on amongst the prisoners. As a reward for this important service, he was the day subsequent to the murder of COX and MARSHALL, removed from the *souterrain* to a comfortable room in the barracks, and soon after permitted to live in the town, on parole. The following extracts from a ludicrous opera, written at Bitche, under

the title of *Bitche and Brimstone*, will give the reader some idea of the person and character of this abandoned wretch, as likewise of the great detestation, in which he was universally held. It will be necessary to apprize the reader, that the scene of the aforesaid opera is laid in *Limbus*, and that Mr. MOSES SOLOMON MICHAELIS, *alias* the WANDERING JEW, always appeared in a brown coat, wore spectacles, and was never without a long pipe in his hand.

ACT II. SCENE II.

A narrow pass between two craggy rocks, forming the avenue to the subterranean palace of CHAOS. *At the entrance of the pass, is situated the porter's lodge, with* CERBERUS *in front. At a little distance is seen the* WANDERING JEW, *running in great haste towards the lodge.*

CERBERUS.

What ugly, old Devil
Can this be, I wonder?
Some spy, I suppose,
Or some thief, bent on plunder.
I don't like the looks
Of this vagabond fellow;
So I'll give the alarm,
And I'll bark, and I'll bellow.
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

SCENE III.

The interior of the subterranean palace of CHAOS, *who is seen reposing on a couch of rotten plank, studded with fungus, barnacles, and other decayed substances. On his left hand, is his consort,* OLD NIGHT. *The sides are occupied by a confused groupe of embryo-forms, jarring elements, &c.* CHAOS *awakes in a fright, in consequence of the incessant barking of* CERBERUS.

CHAOS.

No common cause provokes this wild uproar;
So loud, so fierce our dog ne'er bark'd before!

Holla! who waits? let someone learn the cause,
Why opes old CERBERUS his ponderous jaws?
Why doth the cur such hideous howlings keep?
And, like the fell MACBETH, thus "murder sleep?"
(Exit Attendant.)

Cease, old CERBERUS, blust'ring railer!
Pry'thee, for a moment cease.
Zounds! this curs'd, three-headed jailor!
Will he never hold his peace?
All his tongues, at once, in motion,
Mercy on us! what a go!
Beats his bowl the roaring ocean!
Beats the horns of Jericho!

(Re-enter attendant, leading in the WANDERING JEW, *dressed in a brown coat, with a broken pipe in one hand, and a pair of spectacles in the other. His clothes are torn and bloody, from the fierce attacks of* CERBERUS.

CHAOS.

Whom have we here!—A metaphor to borrow,
He looks the very type of Sin and Sorrow!
So crude a mass of vileness and deceit
I never met, nor wish again to meet!
Blame we our dog no more—all wonder ceases,
Nay, rather say, the wonder still increases,
He did not tear the dirty wretch in pieces!
But let the miscreant know, that soon or late,
Guilt meets its doom, and crimes their forfeits wait.
Then bind him fast, your instruments prepare;
Brandish your knotted *nine-tails* high in air;
The *Cat* shall punish, though the *Dog* may spare!
Quick, and well-told, let blow to blow succeed,
And with each lash his mangled carcase bleed.
In pain and torture shall the wretch expire,
And glut with groans and shrieks our vengeful ire!

WANDERING JEW.

Cot Almightish! how I quake!
Fear benumbs my senses.
Mercy! how my back will ache,
When the bout commences!
Never yet
In such sweat,
Such a stew
Was poor Jew.
Spare, good lack!
Spare my back,
Pardon my offences!
(*Struggles with the Executioners.*)

CHAOS.

Heed not his pray'r; strip, bind him to the post,
And flog the caitiff, till he yields the ghost.

(*Executioners drag off the* WANDERING JEW. *Already is he stript, and bound to the whipping-post, when, in the very moment, that* JACK KETCH *lifts up his arm, to lay on his blows, the earth opens and out rushes the* WITCH OF ENDOR.)

WITCH OF ENDOR.

Forbear! forbear! your impious hand restrain,
Nor let a mother's anguish plead in vain.
Unloose his bands, respect his honour'd race,
And give my darling to my fond embrace.
Or dread my vengeance, dread my potent spell,
Which earth controls, and awes the hosts of hell!
For know the blood, which warms his vital frame,
Derives from me, and boasts a mighty name:
Temper'd his elements with Stygian fire,
HIS MOTHER ENDOR! BEELZEBUB HIS SIRE!

(CHAOS *motions to the Executioners to release their prisoner. The* WANDERING JEW *rushes into the outstretched arms of his mother; they exchange embraces, and mutually bedobber each other.*)

CHAOS.

Madam, our ancient friend, and firm ally!
'Tis *yours* to ask; *ours* be it, to comply.
Receive your son, if by that name you mean
The ugliest wretch these eyes have ever seen.
To your intreaties, I his life accord;
But one good turn another should reward.
Relate the story of his birth, and say,
How such a reptile ever saw the day?
(Forgive me, that I speak my mind so plain,
But flatt'ry ever held I in disdain.)
Recount the whole intrigue, without a veil,
And give the naked truth, from head to tail.

(*In compliance with the request of* CHAOS, *the* WITCH OF ENDOR *enters into a very circumstantial detail of her amours; in which however, from motives of delicacy, we shall not follow her; but hasten to the result, which presents us with a summary of the character of the* WANDERING JEW, *as given by his illustrious sire,* BEELZEBUB.)

WITCH OF ENDOR. (*In continuation.*)

Full of my wrongs, and frantic with despair,
With sighs and loud complaints, I fill the air;
Wound my sad breast, and tear my flowing hair!
With fond endearments, and alluring smile,
My lover seeks my sorrows to beguile.
" Why grieves my charmer? banish anxious fears,
" And let me kiss away those falling tears.
" Our happy loves awaits no common doom;
" Nor mortal is the fruit that fills thy womb,
" Nor shall our progeny degenerate prove,
" Nor in the beaten track obscurely move.
" Of all Earth's sons, *he* only draws his breath,
" Exempt from sickness, and the scythe of Death!
" 'Gainst human weakness, human feeling steel'd,
" Nor love nor pity teach his heart to yield.
" Heedless alike of honour, or of shame,
" His study, guilt, and mischief still his aim.

" Nor rest, nor peace his evil genius knows;
" Nor will his wandering footsteps taste repose.
" Pregnant with ill, he flies from place to place,
" And bear damnation in his branded face!
" Hell journies with him; prompts his dark design,
" And in his service all her imps combine!
" With treach'rous guile he still pursues his prey,
" Smiles, when he stabs, and flatters, to betray.
" Insatiate is his maw—he *chews the cud*;
" Bolts his own venom down, and thirsts for blood!

" Such, such our offspring—all his deeds conspire
" To speak his birth, and vindicate his sire!
" Then let my charmer cease her fond alarms,
" And bless the day, which gives her to my arms.
" For far and wide shall spread her deathless fame,
" And age to age re-echo ENDOR's name!"

(*Exeunt the* WITCH OF ENDOR *and the* WANDERING JEW. *A guard of honour escorts them to the pass, described in Scene II. at the entrance of which they find* BALAAM's *Ass, ready saddled and bridled. The* WANDERING JEW *mounts the ass; the* WITCH *bestrides her broom-stick, and off they both set, in full gallop, for* CUPID's *Camp.*)

One anecdote more, ere we take our final leave of this self-same MOSES SALOMON MICHAELIS, *alias* the WANDERING JEW. It has already been observed, that shortly after the murder of COX and MARSHALL, the decoration of the *Legion of Honour* was awarded by BUONAPARTE, at that time First Consul, to the General of the Fort, and to the Commandant of the Depot. The latter, who wished to pass for a *bel esprit*, and man of talents, employed Mr. MICHAELIS to draw up the harangue, which he delivered, on being publicly invested with the *insignia* of the order. By this, and a variety of similar services, the WANDERING JEW so completely insinuated himself into the good graces of Monsieur CLEMENT, the Commandant at Bitche, that he possessed his unbounded confidence. Of this he availed himself most dextrously; gave himself out for a personage of no small importance; ran up debts to a considera-

ble amount in the town, borrowed twenty-five louis of his friend, Mr. CLEMENT, and a still larger sum of a Protestant Clergyman, in the neighbourhood, whom he amused with an artful story of pretended conversion. All these debts he paid by a strict and religious adherence to the example, given by his worthy progenitors, the Children of Israel, on their departure from Egypt. One fine summer's morning, Mr. MOSES SOLOMON MICHAELIS bade good bye to Bitche; took himself off, without beat of drum, and, thanks to his Jewish policy and connexions, successfully crossed the Rhine. On quitting Bitche, he left a letter on the table, addressed to Mr. CLEMENT, thanking the Commandant for all favours, and particularly for accommodating him with money, to effect his escape.

It is almost superfluous to add, that the *Elegy* on the death of COX and MARSHALL was not in general circulation, throughout the depot.

TO

Mr. JOSEPH MERCER,

ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

Written at the Fort of Bitche, 20th January, 1805.

Noscitur ex Naso.
OVID.

The gentleman, to whom the following lines were addressed, having paid that debt to Nature, which we must all successively and in our turn discharge; the Author will not be suspected of flattery or adulation, in offering a just tribute of praise and commendation to the memory of his deceased friend. Mr. MERCER was one of the most cheerful, merry, thoughtless, and gay; but at the same time one of the most amiable, harmless, inoffensive characters, that perhaps ever existed. He was not more universally than deservedly beloved and esteemed, by a numerous acquaintance.

Once more the Muse essays her vent'rous flight,
And proves her pinions to their utmost might.
What! though around the prospect, dark and drear,
In frost and snow presents the new-born year?
What! though the chilling blast, the Winter's wind
Blows, fresh'ning blows, ungrateful and unkind?

Fierce let it blow; let angry clouds deform
Heavn's beauteous face, and bode the rattling storm;
Who heeds its idle rage, whilst from afar
Beams MERCER's Nose, our light! our polar star!
MERCER, whose ceaseless grin, and vacant stare
Defy the counsels of old FATHER CARE!
Whose giddy soul, with high-charg'd spirit fraught,
Ne'er knew the burden of a single thought!
Flush'd, as the Poet sings, with * purple grace,
He shows his *red*, if not his *honest* face:
Not brighter, flaming in the Orient sky,
The sun, with rising glory strikes the eye!
Not brighter, all bedaub'd with brick-dust red,
Old Brentford's Lion lifts his kingly head,
Where, from on high he guards the public way,
And bids the traveller rest, and drink, and—*pay!*
Not brighter shines, nor more intensely glows
The melted steel, than MERCER's melting Nose!

Hail, Nose rever'd! hail, face of peerless worth!
And hail the day, which gave those glories birth!
The duteous Muse attunes the sounding lyre,
And pays her homage to the MAN OF FIRE!
Hail! Nose of purple dye! of heav'nly mould,
Rich, as the grape! and bright, as burnish'd gold!
To THEE be honours paid, and rites divine,
And prostrate all, and worship at thy shrine!
Feature august! which our transported eyes
Admire alike for colour, and for size!

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* "Flush'd with a purple grace,
He shows his honest face."
DRYDEN'S *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day.*

Which young and old with equal rev'rence view,
And wonder, *whence* it came, and *how* it grew!
Feature august! on this thy natal day,
Accept the tribute, which these lines convey.
Let deeper tints express thy kind regard,
And beam auspicious on thy votive Bard.
So shall the Muse adventure loftier rhymes,
And give thy attributes to after-times.

And, lo! my pray'r is heard—the turgid veins
Distend, like torrents swell'd by copious rains:
Still livelier streaks the surface chequer o'er,
And sweets on sweets exhale from ev'ry pore!
Around, in beauteous rows, carbuncles rise,
And pimple, proudly vain, with pimple vies.
Observe the lambent flame! it burns! it glows!
'Tis *flesh* no more!—no more a *human* Nose!
'Tis phosphorus!—a tinder-box complete!
A powder-horn! a magazine of heat!
Electric fluid there is seen to glide,
And coruscations flash from side to side.
Mark, how it glares, emitting spark on spark;
So glares a meteor, shooting through the dark!
So glares the lanthorn in a lonely night,
To guide the robber's, or the pilgrim's flight.
So glares—so terrifies the trembling band
The red-hot poker in a maniac's hand!

Hail, matchless Nose! in wonder whilst I gaze,
I catch a spark, and glow with kindred blaze!
By thee inspir'd, now flows the tide of song,
Bright, like thyself, majestic, deep, and strong.

Hail, matchless Nose! could I thy powers rehearse,
In MARO's strains, or HOMER's godlike verse,
Thy fame should flourish still, as ages roll,
And MERCER's Nose should fly from pole to pole!
For surely never yet, on earthly ground,
A merrier being danc'd his airy round.
Heedless of aught, except the present hour,
He courts blythe pleasure in her roseate bower;
Nor past, nor future dash, with cold alloy,
His golden dreams, or taint his cup of joy.
Gay as the lark, he sings his artless lay,
From morn to night, from rise till fall of day.
And hops along, in spite of thorns and stones,
With thoughtless ease, though but a bag of bones!
Thin are his breeches, and his heart is light;
And this his text—" whatever is, is right!"

Once more, all hail, thou radiant, purple beam!
And still with lustre, bright excrescence! teem,
Lighted by Thee, I pierce the envious cloud,
Which veils the future, with mysterious shroud.
And, lo! thy lofty destiny I spy,
And read thy trophies, with prophetic eye.
Not Thine, to perish—Thine, again to turn
To senseless clay, or fill the fun'ral urn.
So sings the Muse, and trust the guileless strain,
Nor let her scan Jove's high behest in vain.
When strikes the fated hour—for strike it must,
Which bids my MERCER join his kindred dust:
When all his merry freaks shall charm no more;
Nor set his jests the table in a roar:"
When death at length shall bring his spirits down,
And everlasting sleep his senses drown:

Not in the grave, Corruption's hopeless prey,
Shalt thou, fair Nose! like common snouts decay.
Transform'd, so Fate ordains, by power divine,
On heav'ns bespangled face thou then shalt shine:
There, through the boundless tract of ether sail,
The dread appendage of a comet's tail!

Meanwhile on earth long, long in glory rise,
And glad, with bright'ning charms, our ravish'd eyes;
In fiery pomp progressive still appear,
And grow, in size and strength, from year to year!

TO

MY ESTEEMED FRIEND,

JAMES WRAITH AINSWORTH,

ON HIS COMING OF AGE.

(Written in the Fort of Bitche, in the Year 1805.)

Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum.
——Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.
VIRGIL.

It may not be altogether superfluous to apprize the reader, that the young gentleman, to whom the following lines are addressed, is the son of very respectable parents, engaged in an extensive manufactory in the North of England. Possessed of an ardent and romantic imagination, and disgusted with the severity of his pædagogue, he ran away from school, and sallied forth upon the wide world. A sea-faring life appeared best calculated to gratify his uncontrolable desire for novelty and change: he accordingly entered on board a man of war, and for upwards of twelve years has never seen the paternal roof. He is a youth of strict integrity and honour, has received a good education, and is endowed by Nature with an excellent head, and not less excellent heart. But, as perfection is not the attribute of humanity, these good qualities have their counterpoise: he carries his ideas of spirit and courageous honour to extremes—firmness frequently converts into inflexibility: he resembles the British oak—he will sooner *break*, than *bend*.

Having made his escape from *Givet*, at noon-day, and at the imminent peril of his life, he disguised himself in woman's apparel, and, being of fair complexion, his sex was not suspected. This circumstance led to the adventure, glanced at by the author, in the case of CLARISSA. After encountering a variety

of difficulties and dangers, he at length succeeded in crossing the Rhine. But here his prudence forsook him; he not only threw off the disguise, which hitherto had so signally befriended him; but showed himself too rashly in places of public resort. He was arrested in the little town of *Reinen*, on the frontiers of Germany. From this place he was conducted, *in chains*, to the Fort of Bitche.

At Bitche, he made various attempts to regain his liberty; but in vain. He escaped several times from the fort, but had always the misfortune to be retaken. On one of these occasions, having deserted in company with a seaman, of the name of RICHARD WILLIS, a native of Scarborough, and who, as well as his elder-brother, Mr. JOHN WILLIS, died, not long after, in consequence of extreme ill-treatment, in the Military Hospital at Bitche, it was his fate to fall into the hands of the *gendarmes*, belonging to the Depot, who had been sent in quest of the fugitives. His life, it is true, was spared; but the blows and wounds he received, rendered it necessary for him to be conveyed to the hospital.

In the year 1810, the Emperor of the French issued a decree, enacting the pain of six years imprisonment, *in irons!* against deserters from parole. This decree was afterwards, from a dread of reprisals, on the part of the British government, commuted to close confinement and imprisonment, in a fort or castle, for desertion in general; with the loss of their pay, as officers, to such as violated their parole. In virtue of this decree, the tenor of which was vague, and indeterminate, in the extreme, a number of deserters confined at Bitche, were transferred to the depot of *Briançon*, a strong and formidable fort, situated on the Alps. Of this number was the young gentleman in question.

Prior to this new measure, *Briançon* had already been opened as a depot for British prisoners of war. Independant of a considerable number of seamen, it was the principal receptacle for British soldiers, taken in Spain. If the prisoners at Bitche, as most unquestionably was the case, had reason to complain of ill-treatment and oppression; the situation of their captive

countrymen at *Briançon*, was doubly deplorable. Had this not been the case: had the poor fellows not been exposed (which the author knows to have been the fact) to the last extremity of hunger, and of want, is it reasonable to imagine, that no less than nine hundred British subjects, prisoners of war at this depot, would have embraced the French service, and enlisted into the Irish Brigade?

But how much more rigorous, galling, and insupportable was the fate of those unfortunate British prisoners sent to *Briançon*, from other depots, by way of punishment, as incorrigible deserters? These (and Mr. AINSWORTH was of the number) were confined in a separate part of the fort; cut off from all communication with the rest of their countrymen and fellow-captives; locked up, in their respective rooms, day and night, and only allowed *two hours*, every fourth day, to take the fresh air and exercise.

Yet, even from this close and strictly guarded imprisonment did Mr. AINSWORTH effect his escape. He was already embarked on board of a small vessel, when contrary winds compelled them to return into harbour. Here his usual ill-fortune awaited him: he was arrested by some of the custom-house officers, and re-conducted to the gloomy cells of *Briançon*.

From this period, the author has received no intelligence concerning Mr. AINSWORTH. But, it is to be hoped, that the late surprising and auspicious events, which have led to the deliverance of thousands, have restored this gentleman, likewise, to the embraces of his family and friends.

No slave to custom; nor to interest sold;
A Muse I boast, sincere and uncontrol'd,
That spurns alike at falsehood, and at gold!
A Muse, at Friendship's call, that strikes the lyre,
And sings, what feeling and desert inspire.
Artless my lays, and this their praise alone,
That, rough or smooth, my verses are my *own*.

That from the heart they spring; nor court applause,
With borrow'd plumage, in a foreign cause,
And realize the tale of Æsop's daws!
Better in plain and homely guise appear,
Than meet a * *plucking*, and provoke *a sneer*.
Such as of late I witness'd—doleful deed!
But hush, my Muse! nor "*break the bruised* †*reed!*"

Permit, my friend; for to that sacred name,
If Truth confer a right, the right I claim:
Permit the Muse to join the votive throng,
That hails thy natal day, with joyous song.
Poor is the tribute; but the gen'rous mind
Stamps worth on trifles, when the motive's kind.
Then less the gift than giver's heart esteem,
And, where the *Bard* falls short, respect the *theme!*

Young, though thou art, yet of the ways of man
Much hast thou seen, and reasoning learnt to scan.
Ev'n yet a child, with bold conceptions fir'd,
To towering heights thy eager hopes aspir'd.
Not all a Mother's fondness could engage:
Not all a Mother's anguish curb thy rage.
Left thy rash feet, the world's wide stage to roam,
The roof paternal, and the peaceful home!

---

* This passage alludes to an attempt, made by a certain person, in the absence of the author, to appropriate to himself the merit of some *manuscript* poems, which had been mislaid, and which the author did not recover, till after his return to Bitche.

† "A bruised reed shall he not break, and smoking flax shall he not quench, till he send forth judgment unto victory."

MATTHEW, Chap. XII. V. 20.

See, likewise, ISAIAH, Chap. XLII. V. 3.

Ocean receives thee—swift his billows roll;
But swifter far the workings of thy soul!
The distant poles confess thy rapid race;
Scarce can the globe itself suffice thee space!
Like AMMON's Son, thy angry passions rise:
Like AMMON's Son, big tears suffuse thine eyes.
One weeps for worlds,—to conquer and subdue;
The other sighs for worlds,—to wander through!
Seven years endures the chace!—from all thy toil,
Say, where the rich acquirement? where the spoil?
Fate stops thy course, and leagued with envious chance,
Consigns thy steps to bondage, and to France.

Yet, still rebellious, swelling with disdain,
Thy high-born spirit pants to break its chain.
No crafty wiles are thine—no deep-laid snare,
Which Night may foster, and Intrigue prepare.
Bold is the deed, and like thyself conceiv'd;
Nor sooner *form'd* the project, than *atchiev'd*.
The Sun beheld it!—crowds astonish'd gaze,
And stand aghast, in motionless amaze!
In vain the Satellites of hostile power
Press, sword in hand, impatient to devour!
In vain they bid their fiery tubes resound;
Death flies around thee; but forbears to wound!

Fresh wand'rings here commence—what scenes replete
With hope, with fear, in cruel contrast meet!
What mix'd sensations agonize thy breast;
By joy transported! and by grief deprest!
And say, what Transformation strikes mine eyes?
Is this my AINSWORTH? AINSWORTH thus surprize?
AINSWORTH, whose candid soul abhors disguise!

What mean these frolics?—is it wisely done,
To change my roving sailor to a Nun?
Why decks that neat, prim cap his youthful head?
Why that lace-tucker o'er his bosom spread?
Why, by the gown and petticoat supplied,
Why trowsers, why the jacket laid aside?
What myst'ry's this?—that gesture well explains:
"Danger's at hand—thy safety thus ordains!"

Yes, danger *is* at hand—an angry sky
Show'rs torrents down, and forked light'nings fly!
Howls the rude blast—the tempest gathers near,
And deaf'ning peals of thunder stun thine ear!
Yet, not the storm, that rattles round thy head;
Yet, not the elemental war I dread.
Some friendly roof the wand'rer will receive;
Some hospitable hand his wants relieve!
But, oh! the perils of that fatal night,
When Beauty flash'd triumphant on thy sight!
When, like the Sun resplendent from the storm,
Heav'n open'd on thee, in CLARISSA'S form!
What! though thou brav'dst the light'nings of the skies,
How couldst thou stand the glances of her eyes!
How hear that voice, as music sweet—yet more,
More soul-appalling than the thunder's roar!
Did no confusion paint thy varying cheek?
No fault'ring tongue thy borrow'd form bespeak?
And, as the poison thrill'd through all thy frame,
No sighs, no throbs the dreadful truth proclaim?
Herself the victim of disguise, the Fair
Nor dreams of conquest, nor suspects a snare,
Guileless as sainted Maids, with soul devout,
She breathes a pray'r, and puts the candle out.

The rest let night, and triple darkness veil,
And Heav'n absolve the flesh it made so frail!

What were thy thoughts, as with returning day,
Truth on thy conscience shot its piercing ray?
No heart of marble thine—by tears unmov'd;
Un-aw'd by shame; by feeling unreprov'd!
What conflicts must thy bosom now endure?
That bosom, erst so spotless and so pure!
Love, honour, pity plead CLARISSA'S cause;
Conscience in arms, and heav'n's offended laws!
Already yields thy heart—CLARISSA'S charms
Have won the day, and draw thee to her arms.—
When, loud and solemn, as old Ocean's roar;
Loud, as the waves which lash thy native shore,
Thy country's voice is heard—in awful tone,
It bids thee live, not for thyself alone:
Rouses thy sluggish virtue from its nap,
With poppies drench'd, in pleasure's silken lap!
Bids thee not settle on inaction's lees;
Nor barter glory for ignoble ease:
But, firm to duty, to allegiance true,
The path, once enter'd, manfully pursue,
The potent call thy reason bids obey,
And patriot feeling bears the palm away.
Lost are CLARISSA'S in thy Country's wrongs,
And AINSWORTH all to vengeance! all to arms belongs!

Forgive, my friend; nor deem the Muse unkind;
Or think I lightly wound thy harrow'd mind
Thy pangs I honour, with thy griefs condole:
Yet touch a string, which vibrates to thy soul.
'Tis not to pain; but to correct the ill,
I probe it deep, and healing balm instill.

Thus caustics, though they burn, with wholesome smart,
Prevent a gangrene, and restore the part.

Drop we, awhile, the moralizing strain,
And grasp with thee the pilgrim's staff again.
New dangers rise; they press on ev'ry side;
And lo! CLARISSA's Champion in thy guide!
How nearly had revenge attain'd its aim!
And sacrific'd thee to CLARISSA's fame!
But Fate, for once thy friend, prevents the blow;
And gives to triumph o'er thy deadly foe.
O'erwhelm'd, the traitor sinks beneath thy feet,
And falls, the victim of his own deceit!

Now brighter prospects brighter hopes inspire;
And see! the goal of all thy fond desire!
Glitt'ring to view, the RHINE's majestic stream
Full in thy face reflects the solar beam.
Already are his mighty waters crost,
And fear and doubt in joy extatic lost!
With what devotion didst thou bend the knee,
To greet the land, that set the captive * free?
With what opprobrium brand the adverse shore?
Where † Fraud and Rapine bathe their steps in gore!

---

* This was prior to the Confederation of the Rhine,—consequently the prisoner, who had the good fortune to cross that river, escaping from France, had a right to be considered as on neutral territory.

† The reader will immediately conclude, that the author did not venture to publish these and the remaining lines, to the end of the paragraph, in France. Instead of giving them in the manner they now appear, prudence dictated the propriety, or rather necessity, of substituting the following stanzas in their place, in the Verdun Copy.

"With what devotion didst thou bend the knee,
To greet the land, that set the captive free?

Where ruthless Tyranny triumphant reigns,
And slaves, in abject thraldom, hug their chains!
Ill-fated Gallia! when shall happier times
Purge thy foul soil, and wash away thy crimes?
When shall thy Sons unite, at Freedom's call,
And nobly dare to conquer, or to fall?
Drive the Usurper from his blood-stain'd throne,
And bid his forfeit life his crimes atone?

But, ah! for reasons, little understood,
How closely evil borders still on good!
How meet extremes! from Fortune's topmost round
One moment hurls the minion to the ground.
Lull'd to security in luckless hour,
Thou see'st nor storm forebode, nor tempest low'r.
Throw'st off disguise; and ah! with that disguise,
The prudence, in which most thy safety lies.
Rash * youth! hast thou so little learn'd to know
The *punic* faith, the baseness of the foe?

And fir'd with hope, and sanguine, as of yore,
Already seem'dst to tread thy native shore!
How beat thy heart!—long absence but endears;
Danger subsides, and distance disappears!
No longer now inclines thy wish, to roam;
Thy first, thy ev'ry thought is fix'd on home:
Once more to see a tender parent's face,
And seal thy pardon with a fond embrace!
The wrongs thy rashness prompted, to repair,
And expiate thy faults, by duteous care."

This precaution, however, proved but of little avail to the author. Some kind friend, who had obtained a copy of the poem, in its original state, took care to make the circumstance known to General WIRION; and thus this unfortunate passage became one of the efficient causes of the author's sudden exile, for the second time, to Bitche.

* The following six lines, commencing with "Rash youth," were omitted in the Verdun copy.

Think'st thou aught neuter in Oppression's sight?
Aught sacred to the lawless arm of might?
Has ENGHEIN's tragic end no lesson taught!
A lesson trac'd in blood, and dearly bought!
Behold the fruit of confidence misplac'd;
Again a captive, and with chains disgrac'd!
In REINEN's walls betray'd, beset, confin'd,
French hands arrest thee, and French fetters bind!

Ah! what avail thee now thy perils past?
What thy escapes, thus baffled at the last?
Again, through scenes of danger and of strife,
Thy courage prompts thee, to expose thy life.
BENTHEIM beheld thee face a host of foes,
And saw the foremost fall beneath thy blows.
But what can valour, singly and unarm'd,
Oppos'd to numbers, and a town alarm'd?

O'erpower'd, a dungeon's solitary gloom,
For six revolving moons, becomes thy doom.
Hard bondage! * B—LL—K's stern, imperious nod
Was mild to this, and light his iron rod!
BITCHE ends the big, eventful scene—here close
Thy wand'ring labours; here thy feet repose.
Unblest repose! ah! how unlike the rest,
Which once to gentle sleep compos'd thy breast!
At leisure may'st thou now thy errors rue,
And pass life's chequer'd series in review.

---

* The Rev. R——T B******, Master of *Mount Pleasant* Academy, near B———n, in L—n—e. It was at this seminary, that the young gentleman, to whom these verses are addressed, received his education.

Happy, if retrospect instruction yield;
And follies *past* from *future* follies shield.

Weigh well the sum of thy advent'rous course,
And in a restless spirit trace the source.
Insatiate thirst of novelty and change
First drove thee forth, through foreign climes to range.
'Twas this impell'd thee to the desp'rate deed,
Which made a parent's heart with anguish bleed!
This steel'd thine own to sympathetic woe,
And dried the tear, already apt to flow:
Caus'd thee to slight a home, without compare,
Where love on thee was lavish of its care.
What thousands half their life would gladly waste,
For half the comforts, which thou scorn'dst to taste?
And thou, ungrateful! impious! dar'st repine!
Nor thank'st the hand, which made those blessings thine!

But, let me not too far in censure deal:
A heart thou hast—a heart not made of steel!
A heart, (I've scann'd it well) that's form'd to feel.
Not all the perils, which thou hast essay'd;
Not lures, which prouder judgments have betray'd,
Could spoil thy morals, or thy mind degrade.
Then, with inherent force, elastic spring;
Soar, tow'ring soar, up-borne on eagle-wing,
And justify the truths I dare to sing.

So shall my Muse with rapture hail the day,
Which to thy friendship pav'd the welcome way:
So, fir'd with thy perfections, loud exclaim:
"*The work is partly mine!*"—and share thy fame!

ODE

ON

HIS MAJESTY's BIRTH-DAY.

Written in the Fort of Bitche, the fourth of June, 1806.

Quo nihil majus, meliusve terris
Fata donavêre, bonique Divi;
Nec dabunt, quamvis redeant in aurum
Tempora priscum.
HOR. Lib. IV. Od. II.

When shall the rage of battle cease?
When Discord wave her torch no more?
The troubled world again have peace?
Nor Britain's thunder longer roar?
That thunder, which from pole to pole,
Atchieves her vengeance on the foe:
And wide, as Ocean's billows roll,
Proclaims the charter Fate decrees,
That *Her's* the empire of the seas;
That Heav'n itself has will'd it so!

But not, till humbled pride confess its fear;
Not, till her foes in suppliant guise appear,
Shall e'er Britannia couch her lifted spear!

And still to War's tumultuous sound,
Her loyal sons approach the throne;
A chief belov'd they rally round,
And homage pay to worth alone!
Their Sov'reign's natal day with loud acclaims they gree
And lay a Nation's off'ring at his feet!

And, hark! the song of Triumph swells;
And loud, and louder still the strain!
Of deeds of high renown it tells:
Of trophies, gather'd on the main!
Whilst Fame, impatient, flags her mighty wing,
To hail the Triumphs of a PATRIOT KING!

But, ah! what mean these alter'd looks I see?
This solemn pomp, which damps the gen'ral glee?
What sounds of anguish! heaves her breast a sigh,
And, lo! a tear bedims BRITANNIA's eye!
A sorrowing groupe appears—demure and slow,
Sad move their footsteps to the cries of woe!
Lugubrious notes our joyous Pæans drown,
And mournful cypress wreathes the laurel-crown!

Ah! Vict'ry, dearly bought! that single life
More than out-weighs the glory of the strife.
How oft has Ocean seen the Hero stand,
Dispensing fate, as with almighty hand!
Seen him from Fortune snatch the doubtful prize,
And drag the fickle goddess from the skies!
Witness that dreadful day, which frighten'd NILE,
And drove his waters back with rude recoil!
Witness the passage, wrested from the DANE,
By show'rs of red-hot shot oppos'd in vain!
Witness, TRAFALGAR! from thy craggy height,
Ocean himself with horror view'd the fight!

How awful is the cannon's thund'ring roar!
What scenes of carnage! and what floods of gore!
Involv'd in fire and smoke, Death flies unseen,
And streams of crimson tinge th' ensanguin'd green!
There falls the Hero—mortal is the wound—
But falls victorious, and with laurels crown'd!

Sleep, honour'd Shade! in sweet repose,
Recorded in the Muse's lay.
The debt a grateful nation owes,
A grateful nation shall repay.
And Thou, O KING! lament his death.
Yet deem not *all* thy Worthies slain:
If gallant heroes yield their breath;
Heroes, as gallant still remain!

Yes, NELSON's fame shall kindred bosoms fire;
NELSON's example glorious deeds inspire,
And heroes, yet un-born, become what we admire!

And, lo! thy arms new triumphs grace;
In ev'ry sea thy Navies ride;
In ev'ry sea thy foes they chase,
And pull down Gallia's impious pride!
And, see! from India's distant climes,
Another wreath thy heroes bring;
And *LINOIS' name adorns my rhymes,
To swell the pomp of Britain's King!

---

* Admiral LINOIS, taken, after a warm action, in the *Marengo*. This officer was a long time prisoner of war in England. The late surprizing and happy change, in continental politics, has restored him to his native country, which he has recently quitted, on being appointed Governor of the Island of Martinique.

Where'er I turn my ravish'd eye,
I mark the rising Sons of Fame.
In embryo still awhile they lie,
But soon to earn a mighty name!
Nor are they *now*, without renown;
Nor their's a distant, doubtful crown.
With * LAMBERT's praise the world has rung,
LAMBERT, that noble, gen'rous youth,
Bright soul of Honour, and of Truth!
Dear to the Nine, and by the Muses snug!
And CECIL rears his manly crest;
Of polish'd manners, polish'd mind;
Of judgment sound, and taste refin'd:
A fairer meteor never rose,
And far and wide his rays he throws!
Firm, as a rock, his dauntless breast,
And dreadful to his country's foes;
But to his friends, benevolent and kind!

---

* First Lieutenant of His Majesty's late ship, the *Shannon*. The animated manner, in which the author has heard the seamen, belonging to that vessel, at Bitche, speak of the goodness and humanity of this Officer, affords the most incontestible proof of his excellent disposition. Frequently has a tear been observed to glisten in their eyes, when they called to mind and extolled to each other, the generous succour he accorded them, on their passage through Verdun, to their destined place of exile.

As an officer, Mr. LAMBERT greatly distinguished himself, by his activity in suppressing a mutiny, which manifested itself on board the *Albatross*. During the latter part of that war, he was employed on the East India station, and formed part of an expedition into the Red Sea, designed to oppose the French, in the event of ultimate success attending their arms in Egypt. In fact, some of the enemy did actually penetrate as far as Suez, where they were taken.

To pen their deeds is, TUCKEY, thine;
And loud the trump of Fame resounds!
And DONALDSON, and DALLIEL shine,
Bedeck'd with honourable wounds!
'T would take from rise till fall of day,
The glorious phalanx to survey,
And pass their lines in long array!
All eager, to renew the strife;
All heroes, prodigal of life!
All these, O King! impatient glow,
To hurl thy thunder at the foe!
And Hist'ry notes them in her page,
The NELSONS of a future age!

Long o'er a willing people reign,
Their King! their Father! and their Friend!
With vig'rous hand *thy* rule maintain;
With vig'rous arm *their* Rights defend!
And, oh! permit a hapless band,
In foreign bondage doom'd to groan:
Well-wishers to their native land,
And firm supporters of Thy throne:
Permit them loud their voice to raise,
In accents of triumphant praise:
To join a nation's vows, a nation's pray'r,
That for its Prince invokes the heav'nly Care!

* Ah! when shall Tyranny and Fraud
To milder sentiments give way?
When Crime no longer stalk abroad,
And triumph in the face of day?

---

* This stanza, for obvious reasons, did not appear, in its present shape,

Ah! when shall Gallia break her chain?
When odious factions cease to reign?
When shall the captive home return?
And incense on his Country's Altars burn?
When shall the proud Usurper head-less fall!
And one grand Sacrifice atone for all?

Then, nor till then, may Europe hope for peace,
Then may the trade of human carnage cease;
Then France, regenerate, better prospects bring,
And *be*, what Britain *is*, when GEORGE IS KING!

---

in the Verdun copy. It may, perhaps, be not altogether unacceptable to the reader, to see the alteration it underwent.

Ah! when shall fury, hate and fraud
To milder sentiments give way?
Destruction stalk no more abroad,
And mow down nations for his prey?
Ah! when shall mankind cease to rage?
Nor brothers war with brothers wage?
Ah! when shall France and Britain meet,
In mutual league, and concert sweet?
Suspend their arms, no more with hatred burn,
And bid their fauchions into plough-shares turn?

The same gentleman, who rendered himself so officious, in restoring the *right reading* of the passage, commented on in the preceding poem, addressed to Mr. AINSWORTH, did the author the same service in the present instance, having obtained a copy of the Ode, as it was originally written, at Bitche. The result of this *friendly* interference, which terminated in the author's second exile to Bitche, has been already mentioned.

NEW

PYTHIAN ODE.

In commemoration of the Foot-race, which took place at the commencement of the Dog-days, in the year 1809, *between Messrs.* P—RK—R, ELR—G—N, R—B—TS, *and* HARE; *from the village of Dillon to the Gate of Sarre-Louis, a distance of upwards of three English miles.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

PINDAR, the illustrious Lyric Poet of Thebes, composed three distinct species of Odes; *Olympic*, *Nemean*, and *Pythian*; so denominated from the respective games, which they were intended to celebrate. Of these, the greatest, and we have reason to presume, the most valuable part, is lost. In his *Olympic* and *Nemean* Odes, the Poet recorded the praises and heroic exploits of the Gods and demi-gods of antiquity, as appears from the following passage of HORACE:

> ————Deos, regesve canit, deorum
> Sanguinem, per quos cecidêre justâ
> Morte Centauri; cecidit tremendæ
> Flamma Chimæræ.

The *Pythian* Odes, which, in an imperfect state, have descended to us, are consecrated chiefly to Gymnastic Exercises.

PYTHIAN ODE, &c.

Let others crave a *feather from the wing,
On which the Theban tower'd his daring flight,
The deeds of gods, and demi-gods to sing,
ALCIDES' labours, and the CENTAURS' fight.
Be mine the †Golden Lyre, with silver string,
Which HIERO gave, in proof of Royal grace;
When wreaths of laurel crown'd a jockey-king,
And *Pythian* Odes proclaim'd a chariot-race!
Then should my song the glorious strife relate
Of nimble feet, that ran at wond'rous rate,
From Dillon's forges to Sarre-Louis' gate.

* Multa Dircæum levat aura cygnum,
Tendit, Antoni, quoties in altos
Nubium tractus.

HOR. Lib. IV. Od. 2.

† The First *Pythian* Ode of Pindar has for its object a chariot-race, won by HIERO, tyrant of Syracuse. It seems this Prince had promised a Golden Lyre to the Theban Bard; but, like many other great men, appears to have either forgotten, or delayed the performance of his word. The Poet, with infinite address, availed himself of HIERO's triumph in the aforesaid chariot-race, to remind his royal patron of his promise, by commencing his Ode with a beautiful apostrophe to the Golden Lyre of Apollo, the God of Music, Poetry, &c.

Χρυσεα φορμιγξ Απολλωνος.
κ. τ. λ.

"Hail, Golden Lyre! whose heav'n-invented string
To Phœbus, and the black-hair'd Nine belongs," &c.

This was avowedly a very delicate and ingenious method of refreshing HIERO's memory. The Prince could not fail to take the hint; accordingly we find, that he actually realized his promise, by presenting PINDAR with a Harp of Gold.

Descend, Historic Muse! and give to Fame
Each Hero's attributes, each Hero's name.
Tell to a wond'ring world, (and swell the sound,
Till echoing Pæans spread the tale around,)
How four *wise-acres* clapp'd their heads together;
(Their heads and heels alike, as light as feather)
To run a league in dog-day's sultry weather!

Sol, leagu'd with Leo, rul'd the middle sky;
No friendly cloud protects the aching eye;
No cooling breeze corrects the sultry hour;
No dews prolific fall, no slaking show'r.
The sluggish atmosphere is still as death,
And stifling qualms arrest the traveller's breath.
Struck by contagious heat, the madd'ning brain
Teems ominous, and boils with fev'rish pain.
'Twas this, no doubt, inspir'd the frantic scheme,
To roast and swelter in the noon-tide beam!
To risk a rupture, or to be bereft
Of all the little sense, they yet had left!

Four are the heroes of this matchless race;
The Navy two, and two the Army grace.
Dark-featur'd R—b—ts; Elr—g—n, the fair;
Broad-shoulder'd P—k—r, and swift-footed * Hare.

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* The Author quotes this gentleman's name, at length; because he has since this period, paid the debt to Nature; the other three heroes in this wonderful race, he has reason to believe, are still living. Mr. Hare effected his escape from the Depot of Sarre-Louis, the latter end of the summer of 1809, in the disguise of an officer of the corps of Wood-Rangers. This desertion put a total stop to all country excursions: the major part of the prisoners, who enjoyed the privilege of lodging in the town, were turned into the barracks; and the rest, consisting chiefly of old men, who from

Long live their praise! let future ages quote
Their names, as * mad-men and as fools of note!
Tell, how they bravely fell, nor heeded pain;
But bravely rose, and plied their legs again:
Trod burning sands, cross'd swamps, and hills of stones,
And laugh'd at scalded pates, and broken bones!

Meanwhile had Fame, that busy gossip, spread
The news around, and turn'd each giddy head.
SARRE-LOUIS opes her gates—with eager flight
Rush thousands forth, to view the wond'rous sight.
A glorious mob! and worthy such a cause;
Tag! rag! and bob-tail! lavish of applause,
Whom curiosity at random draws.
All leave their homes, nor dream of home-disasters;
Masters their shops, and servants quit their masters.

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age, wounds, or infirmities, could scarcely totter from one street to the other, consigned within the gates.

Nor did the rage and indignation of the Commandant, Monsieur LE SAGE, rest contented with this abridgement of the liberty and indulgence, before accorded to the more respectable part of the prisoners. An opportunity was eagerly watched, and as eagerly seized upon, to strike awe and terror, by bringing to trial, before *a Special Military Commission*, an unfortunate seaman of the name of MORGAN, who in the course of the same year was shot, in direct violation of all law, even that of the *Napoleon Code* itself, as the reader will shortly have an opportunity of convincing himself.

* The present Ode on this remarkable foot-race, was written at the immediate desire of the parties, and with the express condition, that no offence should be taken, by any person, at any little sally, in which the author might occasionally indulge. The loser on the occasion, whoever he might prove to be, was bound to give a dinner, the following day, to the rest of the competitors, and such friends as they might think proper to invite, to the number of twelve. After dinner, the author was to produce his poem, which was publickly read, and conformably to the agreement above-mentioned, received with perfect good-humour.

Maids, wives, and widows join the motley throng;
" Rogue treads on rogue, and fool drives fool along."
In front, the graceful QUATRE-SOLS is seen,
Of form angelic! and of heav'nly mien!
Of spotless fame! the Loves' and Beauty's Queen!
The charming MARKESTEIN brings up the rear;
Fair MARKESTEIN! to Englishmen so dear,
Who often fill her tender breast with fear!
All these, and more came flocking—if, of yore,
One fool makes *many*—*how* many must *four?*
Well might they gape and stare; for, truth to own,
Since GILPIN's days, the like was never known.
To run three miles, beneath a burning Sun,
Is, past dispute, a precious bit of fun!

At length they reach the starting-post, and strait
Each doffs his coat, and wisely * clouts his pate,
Precaution sage; but, haply, had too late!
And now, the signal giv'n, at once they fly,
" Hope in each heart, and madness in each eye!"
True to his name, and trusting to his speed,
HARE takes a wider sweep, and scow'rs the mead.
Far diff'rent P—K—R's aim—with wary skill,
He builds his hope of conquest on the hill,
And plays the desp'rate game—" or cure, or kill!"
But R—B—TS' lungs his bold design defeat;
His wind as good, and swifter still his feet.
Long time, so justly match'd, with equal pace,
And equal prospect, they sustain the race.
The comely EL—G—N pursues behind,
Watches the moment, and reserves his wind.

* Each champion previous to starting, after pulling off his coat, envelloped his head in a handkerchief, which he had the precaution to wet in the river *Brent*, in order to keep the brain cool, and guard against excessive perspiration.

Now sweating, panting, broiling, see them drag
Their limbs with pain, and quite exhausted lag:
Ev'n HARE himself, though foremost of the line,
Is tempted to renounce the mad design.
But, as they turn the mountain's craggy side,
An object, unexpectedly descried,
Rallies their courage, and provokes their pride!
Beams from afar, their spirits to uphold,
The bright effulgence of fair Lady G—LD!
Nymph of the radiant eye! whose charms enslave
At will the sapient, and subdue the brave!
In dress, an Amazon—around her stand
Smart youths, and gallant swains, a num'rous band.
Each rival chief pays homage to her eyes,
And from her lilly-hand expects the envied prize!

But, ah! perverse decree of cruel Fate!
How short, alas! the triumphs of the Great!
The gallant youth, to glory early bred,
Inur'd to danger, and estrang'd from dread;
Who smil'd, when bullets flew about his ears,
And deem'd their whiz the music of the spheres!
Who o'er the deep BRITANNIA's thunder bore,
And fearless stood the cannon's dreadful roar!
Who courted toil, and volunteer'd fatigue;
And, *ev'n in dog-days*, dar'd to run a league!
P—K—R, who never shrunk from War's alarms,
An early victim falls to female charms!
For, to * AMELIA nearer as he drew,
And Beauty's Sun flash'd full upon his view

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* The christian-name of the aforesaid Lady G——LD. The discomfiture of the gallant Mr. P—K—R, together with the no less lamentable

Absorb'd in admiration and surprize,
And dazzled with the light'ning of her eyes,
Breathless he falls, consum'd by am'rous fires,
Exhales his soul, and with a sigh expires!
Then, let the gen'rous tear of pity roll,
And chaunt a *requiem* to our P—K—R's Soul.

(AIR.—*Peaceful slumb'ring on the Ocean.*)

I.

Peaceful on the sand-bank lying,
Where AMELIA struck his sight,
See poor P—K—R, faint and dying,
Close his eyes in endless night!
When again
Shall those eyes behold the light?

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fate of his illustrious rival and competitor, Mr. EL—G—N, are here, after the example set us by those great masters of the *Prosopopœia*, HOMER and VIRGIL, detailed with much poetic pomp and imagery. Strip them of metaphor, and P—K—R, in plain prose, will be found to have lost the race, in consequence of a fall, occasioned by his paying greater heed and attention to the fair eyes of Lady G——LD, than to his own feet. EL—G—N, by a parity of argument, was bewildered, and took a circuitous route, through the village of *Rodin*, which caused him likewise to be left considerably in the back-ground. But, to have recounted all this, in plain, sober language, exactly as it took place, would, by approximating too closely to *Truth*, have detracted woefully from the poetical merit of the Ode. The Author, therefore, with due and considerate regard to the reader's edification, has availed himself of what has been always allowed to constitute the undoubted prerogative of the Parnassian tribe, and dealt pretty copiously in *Fiction*.

II.

How he started, great and glorious!
Climb'd the hill, and cross'd the plain:
Stretched out his legs victorious,
Till AMELIA prov'd his bane!
Yes, alas!
By AMELIA was he slain!

III.

Pity, he was not the winner;
But, since he the race has lost,
Let us eat a hearty dinner;
P—K—R, P—K—R pays the cost.
Yes, brave lads!
P—K—R freely pays the cost.

IV.

Drink then to his soul departed;
Drink, my lads! and drink apace.
Sure a runner, so free-hearted,
Worthy was to win the race.
Pity 'tis,
That he saw AMELIA's face!

Thus was the gen'rous hero overthrown;
He fell, alas! but did not fall alone.
AMELIA's charms a second victim boast;
One yields his *reason* up, and one the *ghost!*
The comely EL—G—N, with scented locks,
Too proud to curl, and white as FANNY's smocks!

Whom many a virgin eyes, with wishful leer,
And many a parent, with well-grounded fear:
Who oft treats matrons with forbidden fruit,
And causes waists to swell, and brows to shoot:
Who, in this matchless race, with cautious heed,
At distance follow'd, and reserv'd his speed:
Soon as he saw his rivals in the chace,
Draw breath with labour, and relax their pace,
Swift as an arrow from the sounding bow,
He flies along, and gains upon the foe.
And now he turns the hill, with nimble wheel,
Now treads already upon R—B—TS' heel:
Nor doubts of HARE himself the start to gain;
So good his * *bottom*, and his hopes so vain!
When, in the moment as he pass'd the Fair,
Enchanted with her god-like form and air,
He turn'd his head, to take another stare.
Ill-fated youth! that stare thy ruin wrought;
Those eyes, so killing! are with magic fraught;
They craz'd thy madd'ning brain, and palsied thought!
Thus, by a look, have thousands been undone;
Witness LOT's wife, from Sodom forc'd to run:
Witness the Thracian Bard, who, strange to tell,
Sought his lost consort in the shades of Hell!
How dang'rous then for those, who run to halt!
The wife of LOT became a lump of salt?
The other perish'd, through her husband's fault!
Distracted, and to magic spells a prey,
Poor EL--G—N no longer knows his way,
But drives at random, reckless and astray.

* This is a quality, upon which the gentleman in question most eminently prided himself.

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See! wild as March-hare, o'er the sand-hills he flies!
Hark! *Rodin* resounds with the fugitive's cries,
And the villagers stare—well they may—with surprize!
Whilst thus, in sad accents, he mourns his distress,
And sings his complaint to the air of "*Mad Bess!*"

(AIR.—*Lovely Nymph! assuage my anguish.*)

I.

Lovely cause of my disaster!
Fairest meteor of the skies!
Ne'er did EL—G—N run faster,
Till the light'ning of your eyes
Stopt his course; of sense bereft him:
Dazzled by your beauty's glare,
All the little reason, left him,
Vanish'd with that fatal stare!

II.

What strange fury now assails me!
Am I then alive, or dead?
'Tis not *bottom*, lads! that fails me,
No; the mischief's in the *head*!
Like the *Wandering Jew*, I ramble
Up and down, I know not where:
Rush through thicket, furze, and bramble:
Why, AMELIA! why so fair?

III.

Eyes, so killing! still I view you;
Feels my heart your scorching blaze!
And my stagg'ring feet pursue you,
Lost in wonder and amaze!
Tell me, brighter star than Sirius!
Am I joyful? am I sad?
Tell me, am I not delirious?
Am I not stark-staring mad!

IV.

In the *dog-days*, thus to swelter!
In a goose-chase to engage!
Running blindly, helter-skelter!
Folly! madness! fury! rage!
Silliest I, of all lost muttons!
Once accounted sage and wise,
Ten to one that pen of DUTTON'S
Celebrates the enterprize!

Here ends the contest.—HARE has clear'd the bounds:
With Pæans now the echoing air resounds.
The motley crowd draw up before the gate,
And rang'd in bands, the conq'ring chief await.
Triumphal songs proclaim his glorious feat,
And thus they hymn him, through the crowded street.

CHORUS OF MEN.

See! the conq'ring Hero comes!
Now, for want of kettle-drums,
Beat your hollow-sounding bums.

CHORUS OF WOMEN.

Tender Virgins! chaunt his praise;
Wives and Widows! join your lays;
Shrill and loud your voices raise!

GENERAL CHORUS.

Pity, 'tis not market-day;
How, drawn up in close array,
Would our tuneful asses bray!

CHORUS OF MEN.

Glorious was indeed the row!
Vict'ry, seated on his brow,
Ne'er appear'd so proud, as now.

CHORUS OF WOMEN.

Mark his strut, what graceful pride!
How majestic is his stride!
How he reels, from side to side!

GENERAL CHORUS.

Who, like him, has right to tread?
Scarcely knows he, how he's led;
Whether on his *legs*, or *head*!

CHORUS OF MEN.

Chair him! chair him! bend your knees;
On your shoulders, if you please,
Let him mount, and ride at ease!

CHORUS OF WOMEN.

Nymphs! your garters!—haste, prepare
Wreaths, to crown victorious HARE:
Stars and Garters let him wear.

GENERAL CHORUS.

Rites and honours pay divine!
Let him wear whatever's fine!
On the fattest, let him dine!

GRAND FINALE.

Runner! great and swift, indeed!
HARE, by *name*! and HARE, by *speed!*
Great the feats, which Thou hast done;
After broiling in the Sun,
Eat the dinner, thou hast won.

Emblem of this wond'rous race,
Let a Hare the table grace.
Trotter-bones are sav'ry fare;
Serve up trotter-bones to HARE.
Music playing grateful sound,
Send the circling glass around.
Drink, till every hero reels;
Light his *head*, if not his *heels*.
Drink to HARE: "success and health,
"Added years, and added wealth."
Be our P—K—R not forgot,
Generous P—K—R pays the scot.
R—B—TS likewise claims the song;
R—B—TS tall! and R—B—TS strong!

Last, but sure not least in fame,
Gallant EL—G—N we name.

Drink a health to all the four,
May they, (as 'twas said of yore)
Live a * *thousand years*, and more!

And may I, their Poet, quaff
Nectar to their health, and laugh,
Till I write their epitaph!

Then their follies, buried deep,
Shall in endless silence sleep:
And immortal, in my lays,
Live their virtues and their praise!

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* In allusion to the Spanish Admiral JUAN de LANGARA's well-known compliment to Lord HOOD.

ELEGY,

ON THE DEATH OF

EDWARD MORGAN,

A BRITISH SEAMAN, PRISONER OF WAR;

Barbarously shot, pursuant to the Sentence of a Special Military Commission, at the Depot of Sarre-Louis, on the fifth of September, 1809.

PRELIMINARY HISTORICAL DETAILS.

THE Depot of Sarre-Louis, situated nearly half-way between Verdun and Bitche, was originally opened for the reception of such prisoners, belonging to the Army and Navy, who, from the circumstance of their not receiving the pay of Officers, were not considered entitled to the privilege of *parole*. Though, on its first institution, not designed to serve as a depot of punishment, it was in the sequel frequently converted to this purpose, and continued to receive large re-inforcements from Verdun, Valenciennes, Arras, and other depots, of parole and comparative indulgence. These re-inforcements formed a motley and variegated groupe. In the first place, they were composed of persons, whose extravagance had subjected them to pecuniary embarrassments; and who, therefore, were supposed to be more liable to yield to the temptation, of eluding the importunity of their creditors, by desertion; an enterprize more easily effected at a depot of parole, like Verdun, than from the barracks of Sarre-Louis. Another class had been deficient, or, (what in France amounted to the same thing,) had been accused, or suspected, of having been deficient, in due respect to their superiors. Thirdly, (and this description of individuals constituted by far the greater proportion) to Sarre-Louis were sent all such prisoners, as rendered themselves troublesome and obnoxious to their respective Commandants; without, however, incurring his displeasure to *that* point, as to be considered deserving of the last degree of punishment—exile to Bitche. For this reason, Sarre-Louis was metaphorically known, among the prisoners, by the name of *Purgatory*.—Bitche constituted

the *Lower-Regions*, or *Hell* itself, with all its accessaries—all its *ne plus ultra*—of horror and coercion.

The command of the Depot of Sarre-Louis, on its formation, was confided to Monsieur LE SAGE, *Chef d'Escadron de Gendarmerie*, a title corresponding in rank to that of Lieutenant Colonel, in the line. Monsieur LE SAGE possessed some imperfect knowledge of the character of British seamen, for gallantry and courage. He had served, in the capacity of gunner, on board the *Ville de Paris*, under Admiral Count DE GRASSE, and was made prisoner, with that nobleman, by the fleet under the command of Lord RODNEY, in the memorable engagement of the twelfth of April, 1782. He was not altogether devoid of good qualities; but his ruling passion was avarice. To gratify this detestable vice, he rendered himself guilty of frequent acts of peculation and embezzlement; and would descend to connivances, altogether derogatory of his situation and rank. The dread of exposure and complaint, on the part of the prisoners, awakened and increased the natural jealousy of his disposition; he was mistrustful and suspicious to the last degree. The slightest opposition to any of his arbitrary measures, was punished with relentless severity; nay even temperate remonstrance against the impositions daily practised by the butcher and baker, under contract with the French government, to supply the prisoners with the several articles of consumption, in which they respectively traded, has been attended with the most serious and calamitous consequences to the individuals, who advocated the general cause of their countrymen and fellow-sufferers. The author of the present work can, without dread of contradiction, advance it as a fact, which has fallen within his own personal cognizance and knowledge, that some of the most respectable of the whole Depot, have been thrown into prison, and, after languishing there for weeks and months, ultimately sent to Bitche, with a dreadful stigma on their conduct and character, as disturbers of peace and good order—as exciters to mutiny and revolt, as ring-leaders of sedition and

rebellion,—for no other crime, no other offence whatever, than simply weighing the beef, served out to the depot by the government-butcher, (a Jew of the most unprincipled and notorious profligacy) and complaining of its bad quality, and deficiency of w eight. To sum up the portrait of Monsieur Le Sage, in few words; he was at once a *sordid* and a *timid* character;—rapacious, from avarice;—apprehensive, from consciousness of malversation: he was only to be worked upon by the prospect of gain, or the fear of detection. A prisoner, presumed to be possessed of talents, intrepidity, and firmness, was sure, according to the use he made of those reputed qualities; or rather, according to the impression prevalent at the moment on Mr. Le Sage's mind, to experience from that officer, either extraordinary indulgence, or extraordinary rigour.

At the time of the author's removal to Sarre-Louis, in 1808, the depot had prodigiously increased in number, in consequence of a general measure adopted by the French government, whereby the chief mates of merchant-men had been stript of the rank and pay of officers. This new law had no sooner past, than the major part of the prisoners, coming under the provisions of the act, were deprived of their parole, and, after being confined a considerable time in the citadels of Verdun, Valenciennes, &c. sent off, as private sailors, to Sarre-Louis.

In the sequel, the French government thought proper to rescind this measure, and the pay of officers (amounting to the sum of twenty-nine livres, three sols, per month; or one pound, four shillings and threepence halfpenny, sterling) was again granted to such of the chief mates of merchant-men, as belonged to vessels of the burden of eighty tons, and upwards. But their parole was not restored to them, with their rank and pay. They still continued to inhabit the barracks, in common with the rest of the seamen, and subject to the same confinement; though their situation, in many other respects, was considerably ameliorated,—particularly by being allowed a mattress, a pair of sheets, and a bolster, between two; whereas two seamen had only a straw-sack and a blanket, between them.

As the parole they formerly enjoyed, had not been forfeited by any misconduct on their part; but had merely been withdrawn, as the natural result of the measure, which struck them off the list of Officers; the chief mates very justly argued, that the act of restoring them to their rank and pay, was in itself a tacit acknowledgement of their legitimate right and pretensions to the treatment of officers, in every other respect. They accordingly, with the approbation of Monsieur LE SAGE, and through his agency, addressed a petition to his Excellency, the Minister of War, at Paris, praying to be again placed on parole. By way of compliment to Monsieur LE SAGE, and in order the more effectually to ensure from that officer a favourable recommendation, and support of their claims, they launched out, in their memorial to the Minister, into high encomiums of the sage and excellent government of their Commandant. Such was his goodness; such his mildness; such his unwarped love of justice; such his dignified philanthropy and enlightened humanity, that, provided his Excellency should be pleased to grant them their parole, they would prefer residing in the small town of Sarre-Louis, under the wise and benevolent administration of Monsieur LE SAGE, to their removal to Verdun, Valenciennes, Arrass, or any other depot whatever, throughout the whole empire of France.

Some time previous to this event, Monsieur LE SAGE had been at no small pains to efface the unfavourable impressions entertained of his government, by certain persons in authority. He had, by a dexterous application of favour and indulgence, induced certain of the prisoners under his command, to address a letter to the Editor of one of the Paris Newspapers, assuring their friends and families, in England, that all complaints of unjust rigour, and harsh treatment, experienced by the English Prisoners of War, at the Depot of Sarre-Louis, were totally false and void of foundation—that their worthy and excellent Commandant neglected no means in his competency, to mitigate the hardships inevitably attached to a state of captivity, and to render them as comfortable, as circumstances would

admit. In short, that no prisoner, who conducted himself with propriety, had the slightest cause of complaint. It was merely a few incorrigible vagabonds, that affected to murmur and grumble at grievances, which had no existence, but in their own perverted and disordered imagination.

Under these circumstances, it will not be matter of surprise, that Monsieur LE SAGE eagerly snapped at the bait, thus invitingly held out to him. The petition to his Excellency was backed with all the weight, which the Commandant's merits and recommendation could attach to it. The result surpassed even the most sanguine expectation of the memorialists. The Minister invested Monsieur LE SAGE with discretionary power to put on parole whoever, and as many as he should judge expedient.

From this moment the Depot of Sarre-Louis assumed a new and highly promising aspect. Persons of decent behaviour, and who possessed the necessary pecuniary means, experienced little difficulty in obtaining comparative liberty and indulgence. Meanwhile the communications with the Minister were diligently kept up,—every new memorial out-vied its predecessor, in extolling the praises and incomparable merits of the Commandant. The effects produced on the latter, by this uninterrupted succession and reciprocity of harmony and good intelligence, became every day more marked and visible. Monsieur LE SAGE was really all amiability and goodness.

From granting permission to lodge in the town, subject to three musters per day, (early in the morning, at noon, and towards dusk in the evening) the Commandant now proceeded to accord the indulgence of walking in the country, to the average distance of three miles. The reader has already had an opportunity of seeing, that this indulgence was not suffered to lie un-improved and dormant, by the prisoners. They had their foot-races, their bathing-parties, with various other pastimes, and gymnastic exercises.

Among all the prisoners, at that time belonging to the Depot of Sarre-Louis, there was, perhaps, not one who enjoyed the

good graces and confidence of the Commandant to a greater, or even to an equal degree with Mr. HARE, midshipman of the royal navy. Mr. HARE was a young gentleman, more distinguished by a certain amiability of temper, which, (if the phrase may be permitted) fore-stalled opinion in his favour, than by depth of thought, or great mental capacity. He was young, tall, well-made, athletic, and generally reputed handsome. In most juvenile sports and exercises, suited to his age, he excelled: —was of a gay, lively, cheerful disposition, sufficiently informed, to interest and please; and, apparently, sufficiently light and thoughtless, not to excite suspicion, or awaken distrust.

The reader has already seen Mr. HARE bear off the palm of victory, in the ever-memorable foot-race, recorded in the preceding *Pythian Ode*. Were the author of this work inclined to follow the example of certain learned and highly-renowned historians, who labour strenuously to catch the thread of great events, and to connect together *cause* and *effect*, he might be tempted to ascribe more importance to the aforesaid race, than he actually feels disposed to do, and to regard Mr. HARE's triumph, on that occasion, as the harbinger and fore-runner of more momentous occurrences.

Be that as it may,—certain it is, that about three weeks subsequent to this unparalleled display of gymnastic skill and excellence, Mr. HARE decamped, with less publicity than attended his former excursion. His means of flight were so well concerted, and so ably managed, that all pursuit proved abortive. It has been pretty well ascertained, that, through the agency of a certain female acquaintance, whose husband (a Lieutenant in the second regiment of Cuirassiers) was a prisoner of war near Lannark, in Scotland, and whose release was promised, on Mr. HARE's arrival in England, the latter was disguised in the uniform of an officer of Wood-rangers.

Mr. HARE's escape produced a fulminating letter from General Baron de ROGET, commanding the third military division, at Metz. A more determined and inveterate enemy of the English nation, perhaps, never existed. The author of

this work has frequently heard him declare, in his official visits to the depot, (and General ROGET had no less than five depots under his charge) that the English were a set of robbers, pirates, murderers, and savages; that their political existence was incompatible with the interests of the civilized world, and that they ought to be exterminated from the face of the earth.

In the aforesaid letter, very broad hints were thrown out, of undue facilities and connivance, on the part of Monsieur LE SAGE. It has already been remarked, that this gentleman very often laid himself open to attack, and was by no means invulnerable, on the side of reputation. His timidity kept pace with his delinquency. Conscious, as he was, of having *bartered, traded, trafficked* in the employ of the discretionary power, vested in him by the minister, he was tremblingly alive to insinuation and rebuke. To repel the imputation of being too indulgent and remiss, he now gave into the contrary extreme, and vowed to seize the very first opportunity of displaying, in all its malignity, his rancour to the English nation, by making a terrible example of the first transgressor.

In this instance, Monsieur LE SAGE most religiously kept his word. It may, perhaps, not be altogether inexpedient to inform the reader, that every corridor in the barracks, consisting of six separate rooms, had its appointed *gendarme*, who was especially charged with the police of its respective inhabitants. Not many days after the disappearance of Mr. HARE, a *gendarme*, in a state of beastly inebriation, (a case but too much in vogue and fashion with these gentry, and always at the expence of the prisoners) going his rounds, as usual, to summon the prisoners to attend the evening muster, picked a quarrel with a seaman, of the name of MORGAN. A scuffle ensued, and MORGAN, in his own defence, and to prevent his being run through the body, was obliged to turn the weapon aside, and push the *gendarme* out of the room.

The latter, furious and enraged, called aloud for assistance: the guard immediately rushed in; MORGAN was accused of violence and revolt; conducted to the *cachot*, and a formal complaint made to the Commandant.

This was precisely what Monsieur LE SAGE had been impatiently looking out for. Official reports were forwarded instantly to the Minister of War; to Marshall MOUNCEY, Inspector-general of the *Gendarmerie*; and to the General of Division, Baron de ROGET. Never did greater congeniality of disposition prevail, than between ROGET and LE SAGE, on this occasion. The Commandant was summoned to Metz, where the affair was pre-judged, and MORGAN's condemnation definitively arranged. The day after Monsieur LE SAGE's return from Metz to Sarre Louis, the Court-martial, or *Special Military Commission*, as the French government termed it, assembled.

MORGAN was brought to trial, on two distinct charges.—He was indicted, in the first place, for assaulting, striking, and disarming a *gendarme*, in the exercise of his duty.—Secondly, for resisting, striking, and offering violence to the national guard. To prove these charges, five of his room-mates, who happened to be present, when the alledged offence took place, were produced in court, and their evidence not tending to criminate MORGAN, they were taken into custody, and conducted, by a file of soldiers, to the town jail, where they remained, in close confinement, a month, on bread and water.

Aware of the perilous predicament, in which poor MORGAN stood, several of his countrymen addressed themselves, by letter, to the Committee, at Verdun, requesting that he might be furnished with a Counsellor, at the expence of the *Charitable Fund*, to advocate his cause. In the course of the preceding year, a Midshipman, of the name of *THEOPHILUS THOMPSON,

* Since murdered, at Bitche, on the evening of the rejoicings for the birth of the King of Rome. The author refrains from entering into the details of this nefarious transaction, as he has been favoured with the sight of a very interesting work, now in the press, on the subject of the CRUEL TREATMENT OF THE BRITISH PRISONERS OF WAR, IN FRANCE, UNDER THE LATE TYRANNY OF BUONAPARTE; by Lieutenant JOHN CAMPBELL, of the Royal Navy. In this work, Mr. CAMPBELL gives a very circumstantial account of Mr. THOMPSON's murder, together with a report of the proceedings held upon this melancholy business, before a *Special Military Commission*, at Metz.

had been arraigned before a Military Commission, at Sarre-Louis, on a charge preferred against him, by Monsieur Le Sage himself, of violence, mutiny, and menace to assassinate the Commandant of the Depot. An officer of the second regiment of Curiassiers, an ex-noble, a man of great acquirements and talents, volunteered his services, in defence of the prisoner, addressed the court in a speech of three hours, produced precedents from the French code, in justification of his client, and obtained his acquittal. A few days afterwards, he received an official letter from General Roget, reprimanding him most severely for his interference, (it being the wish of government, to make an example) and preremptorily forbidding him to come forward on a similar occasion.

The assistance of this gentleman, therefore, being interdicted, application, as above stated, was made to the Committee at Verdun, in behalf of Morgan. No answer was returned; no notice taken of the request. Were we not duly sensible of their merit and high desert, or could it be supposed, that gentlemen of their important functions (some of them wedded to the church) could engage in low and ignoble pursuits, we might be tempted to conclude, that dogs, horse-races, cricket-matches, mistresses, &c. engrossed too much of the time and means of * certain persons, to leave any *surplus* for the wants of their countrymen and fellow-prisoners.

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* It may, perhaps, not be altogether welcome intelligence to certain *self-appointed, and righteous stewards* to be informed, that a work is now in the press, which will place in a very *glaring* (we do not pretend to judge, whether *favourable*) light the conduct, management, discretion, and impartiality of the members of a well-known society. And what, peradventure, may render the pill still more bitter, nauseous, and difficult of digestion, copies of their own letters will be adduced, in proof of every charge, and the Originals deposited with the Bookseller, for public Inspection. The day of

The evidence on MORGAN's case having been gone through, and the question put to the prisoner, what he had to say in his defence? the whole court beheld, with no small astonishment, step forward, as his Counsel, an illiterate, half-witted animal, known at Sarre-Louis by the name of the *Perpetual Motion*, who contrived to pick up a needy livelihood in the town, by going from house to house, and giving lessons in writing and arithmetic. The speech read by this uncouth pretender to eloquence and law, rather injured than benefitted his client. Not a single attempt was made to invalidate the charges; to point out any inconsistency or irregularity in the proceedings; or to set in due light, and thereby abrogate its entire weight and force, the contradictory evidence given by the witnesses. The Orator applied himself solely to invoke the mercy of the Court, by representing the alledged offence of the prisoner, as the involuntary result of a state of inebriation, which rendered him *non compos mentis*, in plain English, of alienated mind, and as such incapable of appreciating the consequences of his own actions, This, instead of repelling, was admitting the charge, and leaving his client exposed to the vengeance of an irritated government, anxiously looking out for a pretext, to

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retribution is at length arrived; (although certain *self-panegyrized* gentlemen, for years, hugged themselves in fancied security, firmly believing what they so fondly wished, that the late system of politics would endure, at least, for their generation) the hour of reckoning and account has at length struck, when "*that which was done in secret, shall be made known on the house-tops.*" LUKE, chap. XII. v. 3. As some of the junto alluded to, appertain unto the church, they will not, it is presumed, take it amiss, that the author quotes scripture on this occasion. "*With what measure ye mete,*" (says CHRIST,) "*it shall be measured unto you again.*"

consummate a long premeditated catastrophe, and hold out a lesson, *in terrorem*, to the prisoners of war, at large *.

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* It is not the clumsy and inefficient manner, in which MORGAN was defended (if such pleading as this can be termed a defence) that excites our astonishment. What, indeed, could be expected from an Advocate, totally unacquainted with the laws of his own nation, who had never acted in a similar capacity, previous to the present occasion, and who received from the resident Agent of the Verdun Committee, for his professional exertions, the sum of twelve livres tournois, exactly ten shillings, English money? But what may well provoke, and that in an equal degree, the astonishment and indignation of every honest and unbiassed mind is, that with such vast resources, as were sent over from England, so little real good should be effected.

So little, indeed, were the prisoners at large in possession of the truth; so little acquainted with the liberal efforts and active benevolence of their countrymen, in happier circumstances, at home, that it is not till within a few days, that the author of the present work (who certainly possessed as much means of acquiring information on those points, as the generality of his fellow-sufferers, either at Bitche, or at Sarre-Louis) had the slightest idea of the extent and efficiency of the succours subscribed for the relief of the Prisoners of War, in France. It is not till very lately, that he has heard (among numerous other instances of public spirit and patriotic feeling) of the alacrity with which the performers of the leading Theatres, of the metropolis, volunteered their professional talents, to enhance the attractions of the *free-Benefits* given at those Theatres, in aid of the *Charitable Fund*, at Lloyds. The activity, and persevering zeal, with which these Benefits were proposed, organized, and carried into effect, by the indefatigable exertions of Mr. LEWIS GOLDSMITH, a gentleman, who, from a long residence in France,

The writing-master having closed his harangue, the Court (for a *Military Commissary*, consisting of five officers, are both

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subsequent to the renewal of hostilities between the two governments, had a personal opportunity of witnessing the sufferings of the wretched Prisoners of War, reflects the highest honour on his sympathizing humanity, Nor ought the readiness, the ardour with which Mr. WHITBREAD (a gentleman, whose name is synonimous with merit, and the inseparable concomitant of generous and liberal action) adopted and promoted this laudable undertaking, to be passed over in silence, and without merited eulogium. Nothing certainly could have yielded greater and more just cause of satisfaction to the Prisoners, participating in the fruits of this bounty and munificence, than to have been made acquainted with the names of their benefactors. But this knowledge (from what motive, the author will not pretend to determine) was, and ever has been, from the very commencement of the war, systematically with-held from them.

As a proof, that the allegation of a preconcerted, premeditated, and deliberate system, tending to keep the prisoners completely in the dark, on a question which involved their nearest interests, is not advanced, by the author, on vague and unsubstantial grounds, it will be only necessary to transcribe an extract from a communication, which appeared, on this interesting subject, in the ARGUS, of the date of the 24th October, 1803. If the reflexions thrown out against certain individuals, at that early period of the war, were not more severe, than just and merited, how much greater pertinency, how much more cogency and force have they since acquired? Speaking of the relief afforded to the indigent Prisoners, the writer says:

"If the benefactions, already subscribed, have not fully "answered the benign intentions of their respective donors; if "they have proved abortive, or inadequate to the object in

Judge and Jury) retired into an adjoining room, to deliberate on their verdict. The prisoner was ordered to be re-conducted, by the national guard, to the town-jail, which was accordingly instantly performed, and thus was MORGAN, till the very last moment, kept in utter ignorance of the sentence pronounced upon him, of the fate that awaited him.

After an interval of anxious silence and suspence, which lasted about twenty minutes, and afforded sufficient time to

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" view, this is in a great measure to be ascribed to the want " of judicious management; to the lack of foresight and dis- " cernment, in the distribution; to the discordant workings " of a Committee, *self-elected, self-appointed, self-organized, self-* " *authorized, and self-panegyrized!* To the same cause, likewise, " is it owing, that *gratitude* has not been consentaneous with " *obligation*: for it is a fact, established beyond the power of " contradiction, that, in more than one instance, the parties " who participated in the bounty, were kept in utter ignorance " of the source, from which it emanated. To them it resem- " bled the beneficent waters of the NILE; they shared its attri- " butes; they reaped the benefits of its fertilizing stream; but " vainly sought to trace its spring. Or, if conscious of the " quarter to which their acknowledgments were due, all at- " tempts to convey them to the fountain-head, were sedulously " frustrated!"

At the time this letter appeared in the ARGUS, the war had lasted only *four months*; how greatly, then, by a continuance of the same sinister system, must the evil complained of have increased in blackness and malignity, during the period of *eleven years!* But the author hastens to take leave of this unwelcome, and truly disgraceful, topic—the more so, as he understands, that the question is be taken up, on broad and bold ground, in the forth-coming work, by Mr. CAMPBELL, of which the reader has already been apprized.

lock up MORGAN in his dungeon, and preclude all communication between him and his countrymen, or any other friend, that might be desirous of apprizing him of the verdict,—the Court re-assumed its sittings. Fearful apprehension, and ominous foreboding sat on every brow.—It was not necessary to command silence; for nothing but the throb of the beating, big, tumultuous heart; nothing but the almost stifled breath of respiration, was to be heard. The President arose, and read:

"Accused, on the first Count, of violence, and resistance offered to a *Gendarme*, in the exercise of his duty.—*Acquitted.*

"Accused, on the second Count, of violence and resistance offered to a soldier of the National Guard, alike in the exercise of his duty.—*Guilty.*—DEATH!"

The author will not attempt to describe the mingled and violent sensations of horror, indignation, and surprize, which, on the reading of this verdict, pervaded every breast. MORGAN's acquittal on the charge, involving the assault on the *gendarme*, had led all his friends and the public in general to anticipate his final triumph. They were naturally the more encouraged to harbour and indulge this pleasing perspective, inasmuch as the charge, relative to the soldier of the national guard, was universally considered merely as an accessary, arising out of, and in some measure incorporated with, the first count in the indictment, the pretended assault offered to the *gendarme*. Add to all this, that in proof of the violence and resistance, said to have been offered to one of the National Guard, no witness, no evidence whatever was produced, but the unsupported testimony of the soldier himself. Now the *Napoleon Code*, at that time in force, expressly requires the consentaneous evidence of two witnesses, in all cases of life and death. But MORGAN's case, as already stated, had been prejudged, and his murder pre-ordained and organized, at Metz. No time, no room was afforded for objection; no opportunity to remonstrate and appeal. It may not be totally devoid of interest, to the reader, to add, that the soldier, (a *ci-devant*

sapeur, incorporated in the corps of Veterans) shortly after received his discharge, with a pension, as a remuneration for so ably seconding the desire of the French Government, to strike terror into the whole mass of British Prisoners of War, in France, by making a victim of the very first individual, on whom the iron hand of the law could possibly be brought to fasten.

The first involuntary movement of surprize and horror, excited by the publication of MORGAN's sentence, having subsided; some of his countrymen, in very submissive terms, addressed the Court, praying, that the Prisoner might be apprized of his fate, and time afforded him to prepare for his approaching end. This request was peremptorily refused.—The English were assured, by the President, as well as by the *Commandant de la place*, that MORGAN's condemnation was a mere matter of form, and that no ulterior proceedings could possibly take place thereon, till the sentence of the Court Martial, or rather *Military Commission*, should be reported to the Minister, at Paris, and definitive instructions received from the Government.

The Court adjourned about noon. Between the hours of one and two, in the afternoon, the whole town was suddenly alarmed, by ringing the *tocsin*. Soldiers under arms were seen running, in great haste and much apparent perturbation, towards the barracks, where the English prisoners were confined. Soon after a couple of field-pieces were brought, and planted directly facing the gate of the prison. Troops, to the number of between one and two hundred, rushed furiously into the barracks, brandishing their drawn swords, and driving the prisoners before them, in every direction. Fortunately no lives were lost on the occasion, though several of the English were slightly wounded.

The remainder of the day passed in anxious agitation and suspense. The report was industriously circulated, that the prisoners meditated a revolt, and had even formed the project to blow up the powder magazines, (of which there were three, at Sarre-Louis) and destroy the town. All was noise, hurry,

uproar, precipitation, and confusion. Night, at length, succeeded to a day of tumult and affright. The Prisoners retired, as usual, to their sorrowful couch: the order to extinguish the lights, was rigorously enforced; the patroles and sentries doubled, and a strong guard kept under arms.

The first news that saluted the Prisoners' ears, the following morning, was the death of MORGAN. This unhappy victim had been conducted, at break of day, before any of the inhabitants had opened the doors or windows of their houses, outside the gates of the town, and shot, close to the walls of the burying-ground. On his way to the place of execution, he was told by the *gendarmes*, who escorted him, that their orders were to conduct him to Bitche. It was not till he reached the fatal spot; not till the handkerchief was bound over his eyes, that the dreadful truth was disclosed to him.

The same morning, without any previous notice, Mr. GEORGE KING, a *detenu*, or hostage, who had acted as interpreter, on the trial of MORGAN,—together with a seaman of the name of GEORGE GAMBLE, were roused from their beds, by the *gendarmes*, and hurried off to Bitche.

Here ends the history of a transaction, every feature of which, in the estimation of the author, bears such strong and odious marks of tyranny, despotic sway, and violated law, as to render all further comment superfluous.

> ——————Quis talia fando
> Myrmidonum, Dolopumve, aut duri miles Ulyssis,
> Temperet a lacrymis?

ELEGY,

ON THE DEATH OF

EDWARD MORGAN,

A BRITISH SEAMAN, PRISONER OF WAR;

Barbarously shot, pursuant to the Sentence of a Special Military Commission, at the Depot of Sarre-Louis, on the fifth of September, 1809.

——velut nactæ vitulos leænæ
Singulos, eheu! lacerant.
HOR. Lib. III. Od. 11.

I.

He falls, the gallant youth! the fatal lead
Too well performs its mission, wing'd with death!
Low on the ground reclines his bleeding head,
And not a friend, to catch his parting breath.

II.

No comrade, to bemoan his hapless end,
He falls, untimely falls, in life's full bloom:
No weeping followers o'er his ashes bend,
And breathe a pray'r, and strew with flowers his tomb.

III.

What crime was thine, ill-fated youth? what deed
Hast thou committed, to deserve this fate?
No crime was thine; but thine the lot, to bleed,
And thine, to glut a cruel Tyrant's hate!

IV.

Nor was there warning giv'n thee, to prepare,
To meet a change so awful and so near!
Nor friend allow'd, thy sentence to declare,
And pour the dreadful secret in thine ear!

V.

*Religion's aid to thee, alas! deny'd,
No pious lips consoling words addrest;
From worldly objects turn'd thy soul aside,
And sooth'd, with op'ning heaven, thy throbbing breast!

VI.

At break of day, in rush the ruffian band;
At break of day, unlock thy dungeon's door:
With manacles they bind thy trembling hand,
Bestride their steeds, and drive thee on before.

VII.

Ev'n then, with cruel mock'ry and deceit,
Their real mission studious they disguise;
Tell thee, that Bitche awaits thy wand'ring feet,
And buoy thee up with hope, and false surmise.

VIII.

Through lonely streets mysterious leads the way,
Impearl'd with dew still shines the glistening grass;
In silent sleep, as yet Creation lay,
And not a window open'd, saw thee pass.

* Morgan was the more pitied by the inhabitants, as belonging to the Roman Catholic persuasion.

IX.

ıt soon the dreadful truth confess'd appears;
Behind thee, lies Sarre-Louis' fasten'd gate;
face, its solemn walls the church-yard rears,
And soldiers, under arms, thy coming wait.

X.

nd now, whilst horror frowns the scene around,
Thine eyes they blind-fold, and they bid thee kneel:
ow flash the tubes of death, with certain wound,
And rolls the thunder, with tremendous peal!

XI.

'is done! th' atrocious murder is atchiev'd!
Thy mortal suff'rings now are past, and o'er;
ow, from all worldly care and toil reliev'd,
No cells, no dungeons shall confine thee more.

XII.

o ruthless Tyrant now shall longer hold
In chains thy body, or thy mind in awe;
o venal Jury, to a Despot sold,
Condemn thee, with the mockery of law!

XIII.

o march, *in* **fetters*, make thy frame decay;
No icy damp the vital current freeze;
o loathsome dungeon shut thee out from day;
Wet straw—thy bed; thy certain lot—disease!

* It is a proud ground of legitimate triumph, and exultation the British character, that this passage requires copious ıcidation. To the English reader, who has never quitted

XIV.

To happier climes thy joyful spirit flies,
Where seas of bliss, in tide perpetual, flow;
And, from the lofty mansion of the skies,
Looks down with pity on the world below!

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his own happy, sea-girt isle—that inviolable sanctuary of Freedom, and of equal Law—it may well appear inexplicable. Those, who have never seen their fellow-creatures driven from town to town; from prison to prison—like animals to the slaughter; or, like beasts of prey, against whom measures of severe coercion and precaution are indispensably necessary—must feel equally astonished and indignant at the inhuman and barbarous treatment, which the British Prisoners of War experienced, under the late Tyranny of BUONAPARTE. The following temperate, and certainly far from exaggerated picture, may serve to give the reader some idea of the cruel usage, to which the wretched Prisoners of War were exposed.

Worn down with hunger and fatigue, and frequently wet to the very skin, if the weather be unfavourable, after marching twenty or thirty miles, through the rain, *chained and fettered, sometimes even tied to the horse's tail*; on his arrival at the military jail, the prisoner is thrust into a damp cell, frequently underground, and, compared to which, a coal-hole in London would be a place of luxury. In the same hole are from ten to twenty, sometimes even thirty and more miserable wretches, some languishing with the fever, or jail-distemper, others infected with a rank itch, and other disgraceful disorders. The door, with grating sound, closes upon you; you hear the rustling of bolts and bars, with which the jailor secures your person; your bed—your common bed—is a few bundles of wet straw, impregnated with vermine and disease, which has served, for months, as the sole litter of the miserable inmates of the place.

Into this abominable collection of nastiness and filth; this mass of muck, of vermine, and of straw, you are obliged to

creep, as your only chance of warmth, of ease, and—thanks to the fatigue you have undergone—of sleep and of repose. This down-right dunghill is your only bed! To add to the comforts of your abode, one corner of the place (for you do not meet in every prison with a tub appropriated to this purpose) one corner of the place is set apart for the necessary calls of nature.

Your *prison-allowance* consists of a certain quantity of greasy, hot water, which the jailor dignifies with the name of soup. This is served out to all the prisoners, in a common vessel, with a few boiled potatoes. You have likewise a certain quantity of black bread allowed you, with water, at discretion. Should you fall sick—and the chances are ten to one in your favour, that you do,—upon such excellent fare; such comfortable travelling, and not less comfortable lodging—after languishing a few days in prison, you may, on making the requisite application to the medical authorities, get yourself removed to a hospital—provided, that is to say, there happen to be a hospital in the place, where you fall ill. But this is not always the case. Many prisoners that have fallen ill, at different jails on the road, have died, have perished in those jails, there being no hospital within a considerable distance, to remove them to. Others have died on the way to the hospital—and many, many have been refused admittance into the hospital, and, through that refusal, have perished in their dungeon, in consequence of an intimation conveyed to the authorities, by the *gendarmes*, who escorted them to prison, setting forth, that their illness was a mere feint; their application to be removed to the hospital, the result of a project of desertion.

Thus, for instance, at Sarre-Louis, a garrison-town, strongly fortified, and from its position deemed impregnable, where was quartered a French regiment of Cuirassiers, a regiment of Infantry, and where the depot of British Prisoners of War, amounted to between two and three thousand—there was no hospital for the reception of the sick. For a number of years, and till within a few months of the breaking-up of the depot, the sick Prisoners of War were obliged to be sent to Metz, a

distance of about forty English miles, *in an open cart*, however unfavourable and inclement might be the weather. The journey required two days, to perform it; the first night, the sick Prisoners were lodged in the town-jail, on wet straw, at *Boullay*. Under these circumstances, is it matter of wonder, that numbers of these unfortunate victims died on the road, in the prison, and in the cart?

Some idea of the difficulty of a march, *in chains*, may be formed from the following circumstance, the veracity of which the author vouches for. Twelve mates of merchant-men were sent from Verdun to Bitche, for desertion. They were chained, *three and three*, in separate divisions; their irons, on being taken off, weighed fifty-eight pounds, for every three men; and so strongly were they rivetted, that the poor fellows were obliged to lay their heads down on a block, to have the collar, which went round their neck, *sawed asunder*. In this condition they had remained, day and night, for ten successive days, on the road.

Happy, happy Country! happy, thrice happy Inhabitants of Great Britain!

——felices ter, et amplius!

where such Horrors, such Atrocities are unknown!

THE END.

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